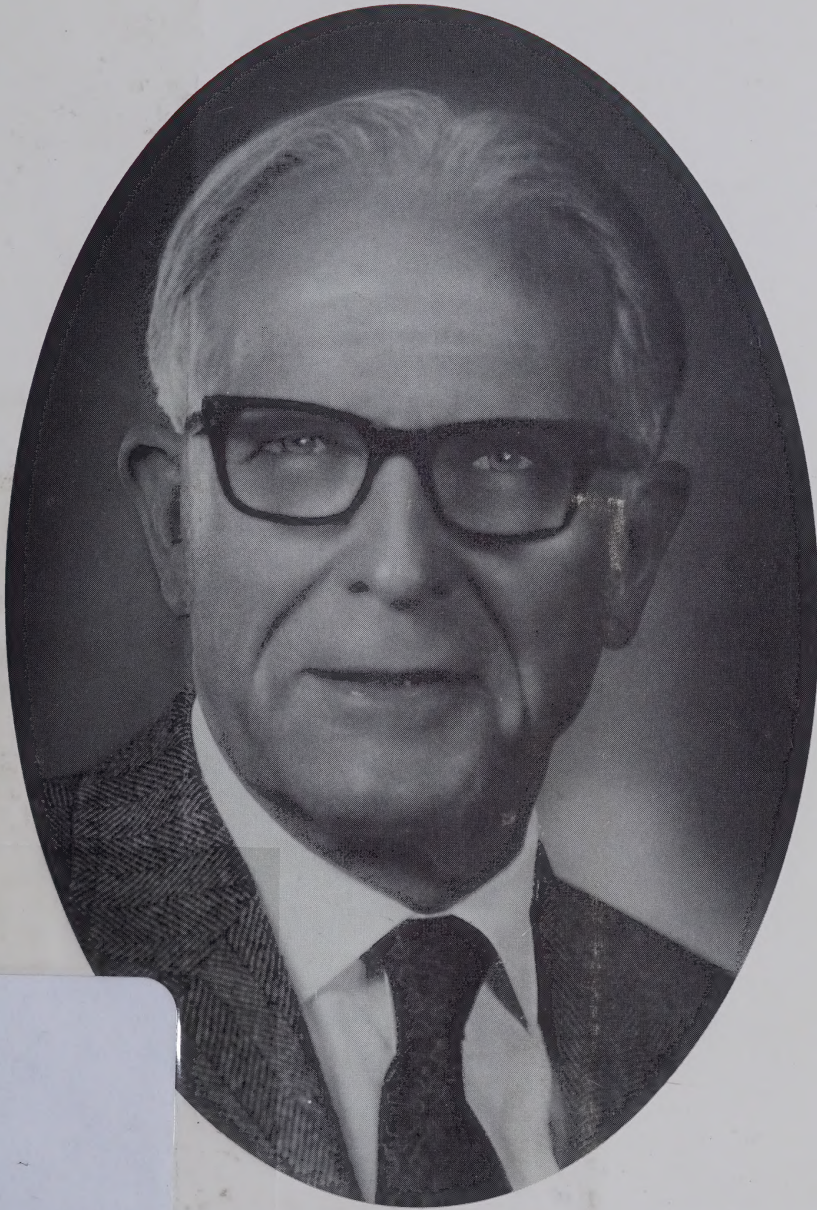


# IT WAS WAYNE



**THE STORY OF  
MOTORS AND SPECIALTIES CO.  
OF GARRETT, INDIANA**

by Lee Philipp Sauer

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BIOGRAPHY

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# It Was Wayne

The Story of  
Electric Motors & Specialties Co.  
of Garrett, Ind.



by Lee Philipp Sauer



Oil painting by Ruth Baker

Wayne J. Morrill





Oil painting by Ruth Baker

Judy A. Morrill

*Thank you, everyone, who contributed to this effort. Your swatches of memory and expertise, stitched together, made this book.*

*Lee P. Sauer, Sept. 27, 1995*

James Fuhrman

Maynard Griffin

June Hendrix

Harris Hoeffel

Don Knebel

Sig Kriebel

Dave Kurtz

Clovis Linkous

Mike Mc Meen

Caralyn Menor

Villamor Menor

Giles Morrill

Bob Nutter

Dick Sanderson

Pauline Sanderson

Chuck Skove

Don Smith

Francis Thompson

the crew at Envision Graphics, Inc.

and, especially,

Judy Morrill



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To my girls





## Introduction

Wires hang from the factory ceiling like forest vines and the room smells of hot oil. Workers, mostly women, sit or stand near metal-topped tables, safety glasses on, heads down, hands at work. A *pfffft* of air explodes from a press, where a worker places copper-wired coils into a black plastic case. Wooden racks on wheels hold the final product – 1/20 horsepower electric motors, their black, wire tails hanging down.

Welcome to Electric Motors & Specialities, Inc. of Garrett, Ind.

Donald Smith, vice president of sales and director of marketing, picks up one of the motors. They boast the same basic design created by the founder of the company in 1937, Smith says. Today these motors power fans that cool refrigerators, freezers, grocery-display cases, soda pop and yogurt dispensers.

## Introduction

Smith mentions the name of a nearby grocery supermarket. Know how many motors like these you could find in that store? he asks.

Three hundred.

Know how many years these motors are designed to run without maintenance?

Twenty.

Smith smiles at the surprise impact of his facts. Yes, he says, these motors constitute engineering wonders.

Smith leads the way through set after set of metal doors – layers of history, really. Onto its original building – a World War II-vintage Quonset hut – the company constructed a dozen additions in 49 years, Smith says.

In the outermost building, work stations stand empty as a lone woman tidies up. This, says Smith by way of introduction, is Pauline Sanderson. She's been with the company since its infancy. If there's anyone who would know stories of the early days, she's the one.

Pauline smiles at the suggestion to meet and talk of days gone by. Better schedule a healthy block of time, she says.

Smith wends his way back through the metal doors. The company owner, Judy Morrill, keeps her offices here, he



## Introduction

says. Once the inner sanctum opens, from a room at the opposite end of a hallway bounds a blur of black fur, red-yarn ear ribbons and painted-pink toenails. It's Frisky, Mrs. Morrill's pet poodle coming in silent, gentle greeting.

Judy comes from behind a large desk, and sits on its edge casually. Her attitude matches the office, decorated in soft, homey tones with lots of plants. She offers a welcome to the factory.

But soon, it's back to business. The tour ends where it began, in the front entrance way, from which the one-story, yellow-brick, brown-trimmed conglomeration of buildings face north and Garrett's King Street.

In the entrance way hang two Ruth Baker oil paintings: one of Judy, the other of her late husband, Wayne J. Morrill, a distinguished-looking man with wavy white hair and glasses.

This is their story, and the history of Electric Motors & Specialties, Co.

## Preface

Describe Wayne Morrill?

Talk to almost anyone who remembers the founder of Electric Motor & Specialties, Co., and the assignment seems simple. One word pops up over and over again:

Genius.

Ask Dick Sanderson. He still can sketch Wayne's design for a refrigerated railroad car generator that spins in only one direction, even though it gets its power from train wheels that turn both ways.

Ask Francis Thompson. He can remember the time when no one could fix a punch press and Wayne took off his suit coat, slid under the machine and performed the impossible.

Ask Wayne's son, Giles, who said: "I count a flock one sheep at a time; he could count them on the run."

## Preface

Ask Mike McMeen, Frank Iddings and Viila Menor. Or better yet, read their personal remembrances of the man at the back of this book.

But genius alone as an epitaph leaves a door open to unflattering interpretation. One employee well remembers the day 21 years ago when Wayne buried his younger brother, Lyall. After the funeral, back at the office, an employee asked Wayne, "Tough afternoon?" Wayne, already back in business mode, replied absent-mindedly, "Not really."

Single-minded? Yes.

Stories abound of Wayne focusing on the task at hand, whether it be bowling, biking or fly fishing. He didn't delegate, trusting his own judgment and work over others'. In casual conversation, Wayne tended toward only one subject: himself. Associates well knew his tight-fisted control over fiscal matters; one executive wasn't at all surprised when he found 40 pairs of worn-out shoes stored in Wayne's home because the boss followed that same never-say-die philosophy with company equipment. At EM&S, stories reach legendary status. Wayne would work all night at the plant, then sleep in his car before beginning another day.

But Wayne Morrill was no one-dimensional, business-programmed robot.



## Preface

He had a power that pulled people with him. Where Wayne went, others followed. Some employees describe Wayne's charisma as a father-like interest he showed in their personal lives. Others say his power lay in his open-door policy to any idea from any worker. One employee said it was an act of discipline – that Wayne once watched a boss treat a salesman with utter disrespect and he pledged he would pull up, rather than push down other human beings.

Whatever the reason, the leadership that Wayne applied worked. As you read, look at the impressively long careers employees have, or had at Electric Motors & Specialties. Ask why and they'll reply: it wasn't the pay, it wasn't the conditions.

It was Wayne, and the feeling that they were part of something special.

Among the papers Wayne kept can be found an Oct. 31, 1977, *Wall Street Journal* article about the death of Loren Eiseley. It can be surmised that the 6-foot-3 Wayne identified with Eiseley, a self-made scientist with a commanding physical presence, a man who had mastered the world of hard facts, and yet wondered "why?" It isn't a great leap to infer that Wayne, 76 years old when the story appeared, coveted the article as his own obituary.

## Preface

The article's headline: "He understood the world's absences."

The title put a twist on a poem written by Eiseley. The poem takes the grief of a man missing a dead dog and widens the ripples into quiet desperation over the limits of being human. It's doubtful Wayne ever saw the entire poem – Eiseley's works of whimsy aren't as accessible as, say, Robert Frost's. But he couldn't have picked a better statement of faith for a man who owned a passion for black poodles and jotted down ideas on wind-driven power plants even as his body allowed life to slip away.

The poem is titled "Beau."

*Beau is gone now,  
the huge black poodle  
who, when I visited his owners,  
always used to wave his yellow food dish  
happily from the doorway and bark his welcome  
or lie beside my bed in the morning.  
This afternoon on the patio  
his diminutive challenger the chipmunk  
who used to set Beau wild  
whistled dispute from the wall  
but there was only silence.*

## Preface

I think even the chipmunk was abashed.  
They had had a long rivalry and now silence  
had fallen. A lily nodded gently  
on its stem and I  
went to my room where Beau  
would never again turn three times around  
and subside with a patient sigh while I wrote.  
I am not a philosopher. I merely know  
everything good has an end. I hope Beau  
left without having learned this.  
Yesterday his girl playmate from up the road  
came by slowly, having come before.  
How does one explain this to animals: that after a while  
there are none of us left: no shadows, no voice, no odor.  
One cannot even show a picture.  
She does not understand the world's absences.  
Looking at the empty rug by my bed,  
neither do I.









# Chapter 1

## **The Brightest and Best**

Excitement builds in his voice when Clovis Linkous talks about electrical engineering and the early 1900s. "There was a power revolution the first 40 years of this century," says the author of *General Electric at Fort Wayne*. "The smartest and best people went into electrical engineering.

"It was the place to be."

Linkous compares electric-power fever to the current computer craze, in which machines and products of a new age find acceptance in folks' daily lives. Think of it: before 1900 there were no electric refrigerators, washing machines, sewing machines or vacuums. By 1940, predecessors of modern appliances had become permanent fixtures in American homes.

And the small, electric motor made them all possible.

## **The Brightest and Best**

General Electric stood at the industrial forefront of the power revolution – the Microsoft of its day. Electrical engineers at G.E. literally changed the world.

Linkous recites their names from memory: Philip Alger, Charles Steinmetz, Ed Schaefer, Wayne Morrill.

These men, said the historian, represented the cream of the crop.

Of course, if the story ended there, Wayne Morrill would be remembered by electrical engineering historians and no one else. But Morrill left G.E. in 1943 and struck out on his own.

He left a legacy that still thrives on the west side of Garrett, Ind.:

Electric Motors & Specialities, Co.

Wahbememe ran as fast as his old legs could carry him. The Potawatomi Indian chief had smoked the pipe of peace with white settlers and he felt he must warn them.

During a council of chiefs held near the settlement that French trappers called Detroit, Wahbememe heard with horror plans for a massacre of his friends. A straight river that the whites named the Erie Canal had just been built, and the number of white settlers rose like a river in spring-

## The Brightest and Best

time until Wahbememe's brothers could no longer hold their anger.

So Wahbememe ran. He ran along the trail that linked one Great Lake with another, the trail that linked Detroit with "Checagou," land of the wild onion, land that the whites called Chicago. Wahbememe ran and spread the word of warning.

Wahbememe's heart was strong, but not strong enough. At a point between the two lakes, after running a distance the whites would measure as many miles, Wahbememe collapsed and died.

The thankful settlers of the area named their small, 3-year-old settlement in honor of Wahbememe. They called it by the white name they had given to their Indian friend. They declared their settlement White Pigeon, which lay in the land of the great water, the land called Michigan, in the year 1830.



*White Pigeon, Mich., today. It claims to be Michigan's oldest incorporated village.*



## **The Brightest and Best**

Just east of White Pigeon, Mich., Lorenzo Jones staked his claim. He chose rolling hills that boasted a fertile, spring well and summer flowers that ran to the very shore of a body of water local folk named Klinger Lake. On his land he built a house that boasted a room and a half.

Like other farmers, Lorenzo cleared his land of timber and rocks with his own hands. He sweated in the hot, humid summers and turned his back to the winter winds. All the while he held hope that his children, and his children's children, and the children that came even further in the future, would know a better life.

Though rocky, the ground was fertile and Lorenzo built his dream. He married and had a daughter. She grew up to marry a man whose family had come from Maine. Henry Morrill could claim Swiss, Dutch and English blood in his veins. He knew knots and the ways of water. He worked on ships that plied their trade on the Great Lakes. And years later he would drown during a storm when the ship on which he worked failed to make port.

Lorenzo's daughter and son-in-law bore a son, and named him Frank.

Frank Morrill's hands grew strong and he was willing to work. He would learn to swing an ax and pull his share of

## The Brightest and Best

a saw, earning his living as a logger. But as he worked, Frank dreamed of a better life beyond Lorenzo's land. As he looked beyond the present, Frank married Bertha Jones. Children provide the best hope of dreams come true. And on Feb. 22, 1901, Bertha gave birth to the first of the couple's three sons:

Wayne James Morrill.

Young Wayne well knew Lorenzo's land. He knew horses and the heavy jangle of a team pulling a plow. He knew the flowers that led to Klinger Lake and the best places to fish and swim. He knew that the hot summer sun made him sweat and that he must turn his back to the biting winter wind.

And he knew his great-grandfather's 1 1/2-room house boasted a basement which protected potatoes from freezing, even in Michigan's bitterest cold.



*Klinger Lake sits just east of White Pigeon, Mich.*

## The Brightest and Best

Along with strong hands, Wayne's father, Frank, owned a sharp mind and an independent spirit. He learned electricity and he and his family left Lorenzo's land. They traveled from small town to small town as Frank worked at a variety of jobs: he sent and received messages as a telegrapher, he dug into the earth as a coal miner, he laid electric lines for the trolley trains.



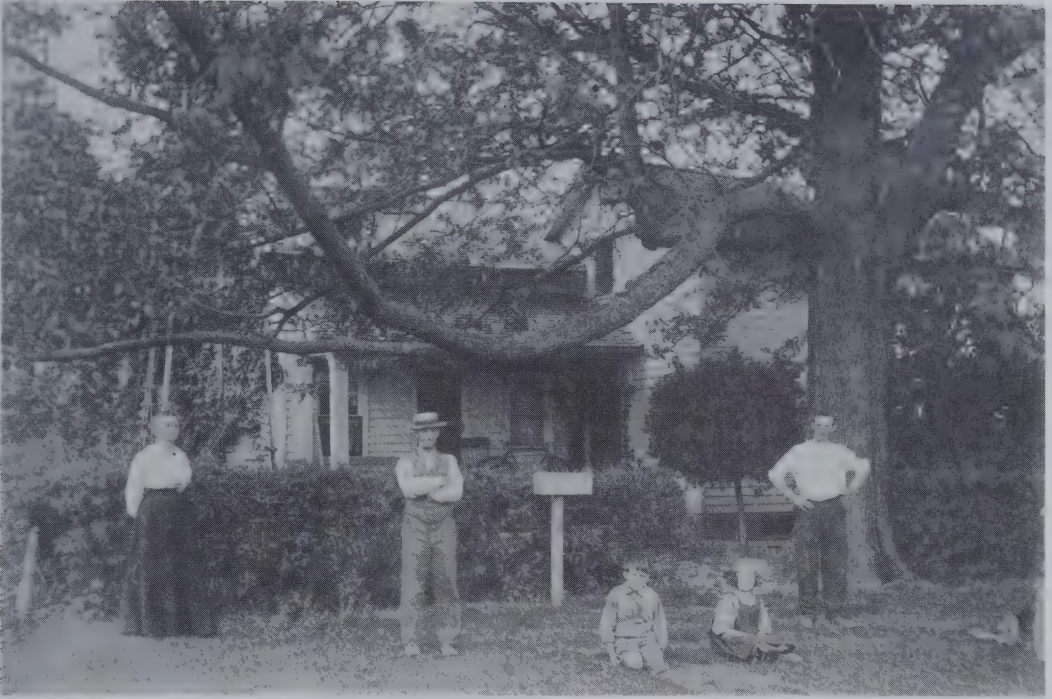
*Frank Morrill in later years, with a great granddaughter.*

One year, when Frank's family lived in a northwest Indiana town, the sky rained and rained until the rivers rose. Still it rained, and floods came. Young Wayne watched as Frank and some friends carried the family piano upstairs to avoid the rising waters. Young Wayne saw that nature lived by rules outside of man's influence, and questions crept into his head.

Then in 1907, wages fell and interest rates rose, making tough economic times even tougher. Jobs hibernated with the money. So Frank and his family returned to Lorenzo's land. With his two strong hands, Frank built a house near Klinger Lake, a house that still stands and



## The Brightest and Best



*Lorenzo Jones built the original portion of this home near White Pigeon, Mich. Mary and Henry Jones stand on the left; their son, John, can be seen on the right. Mary and Henry's daughter, Bertha, was Wayne's mother.*

serves yet another branch of the family tree. And Frank strung wires to bring the first taste of electric life to the house and its nearby neighbors.



*Wayne's mother, Bertha, around 1948*

When money began to flow once more, Frank's knowledge of electricity and construction proved valuable to a telephone company bent on bringing the best in modern communication to small towns. Frank became the man the Central Union

## **The Brightest and Best**

Telephone Company sent to build outlying telephone offices – and he did, from the Straits of Mackinac in northern Michigan to Indianapolis in central Indiana.

Wayne would remember one of the communities in which Frank set up a telephone office 30 years later.

Set in northeast Indiana, just 40 years old or so, the town bustled with commerce. Steam locomotives huffed and puffed endlessly day and night on east-west rails, pushing black plumes of smoke into the sky and covering the town in a thin layer of black coal soot. The roundhouse, where the locomotives kept low fires in their bellies as they sought repair, seemed to inhale and sigh like a living creature.

This was a young man's town, full of young man's dreams.

It's name: Garrett.

Around 1914, the Morrill family moved to Fort Wayne, a fast-growing city in northeast Indiana, about 20 miles south of Garrett. Frank would live out of a mobile trailer as he moved from job site to job site. Meanwhile, the Morrill family remained in Fort Wayne.

The bustling city of 87,000 boasted straight, brick streets that led past 59 churches. As signs of the times, in

## **The Brightest and Best**

1915 Fort Wayne could count six electric railroads, 11 steam railroads, six newspapers, eight fire departments, 11 banks, two telegraph companies and two telephone companies.

Across America, the era of mechanical power was awakening, and in Fort Wayne automobiles clattered down streets as refrigerators, sewing machines and vacuums hummed in city homes.

The Fort Wayne directory of 1915 lists Frank Morrill as wire chief for the Central Union Telephone Co. It gives the family's address as 820 W. Washington Blvd.

Just three blocks south of the Morrill home, a company that had hitched its wagon to the Power Revolution, that had just recently shed its subsidiary standing and changed its name from Fort Wayne Electric Works Inc. to Fort Wayne Works of General Electric, built brick buildings that began to rise above the surrounding homes.

In the fall of 1915, when he was 14 years old, Wayne Morrill began classes at Fort Wayne High School. FWHS opened its doors in 1865 and in 1904 moved to the corner of Barr and Lewis streets. In 1922, when a second high school opened in Fort Wayne and became known as South Side,




## The Brightest and Best

Fort Wayne High School would change its name to Central High School.

But during Wayne's stay, Fort Wayne High School owned an educational monopoly that was growing fast. The school added an average of 200 students per year, for a total enrollment of 1,700 by Wayne's graduation in 1919.

It was a time of innocence, a time when the editor of FWHS's yearbook, *The Caldron*, lamented the "vandals" who were changing chalk-written announcements on school bulletin boards for frivolous amusement. It was a time of starched-collar rectitude, when G.W. Gardner, president of the Anthony Wayne Institute, would write to 1919 grads:

"Indifference kills all sense of responsibility, encourages the development of useless habits; leads young men to throw down the bars of morality and to dissipate themselves to the extent that higher ambitions and ideals are weakened and eventually killed."

A black and white portrait of a young man, Wayne J. Morrill, wearing a suit and tie, looking slightly to the left.

Wayne J. Morrill graduated from Fort Wayne High School in 1919.

## **The Brightest and Best**

And it was a time of upheaval and uncertainty, when many FWHS graduates not much older than Wayne left for European battlegrounds and never returned.

But education wasn't all serious consideration and no play at Wayne's high school alma mater.

In a freshman year history written by the class of 1919, descriptions of three parties and an unsuccessful attempt to shoot a class photograph comprise the bulk of the article. However, the students did conduct business long enough to choose green and white as class colors, and to compose a class yell which went:

*Rah, rah, roo,*

*Rah, rah, rex;*

*M D 4 C*

*X I X*

During Wayne's undergraduate days, a student could buy a suit at Saul's for \$15 and dream of becoming a wealthy entrepreneur and purchasing a Cadillac Victoria for an immodest \$2,400.

Speaking of money matters, a May 1919 Lincoln Life Insurance advertisement in *The Caldron* must have gathered Wayne's attention. The ad alerted students to wages they

## **The Brightest and Best**

could expect upon graduation from a variety of professions. The ad reported that lawyers made a lowly \$358 annually, social workers could expect \$924 a year, while Lincoln Life Insurance agents would make \$1,665 their first 12 months in business.

Engineers ranked near the middle at \$650 a year.

But Wayne's mind was set on joining the Power Revolution. He came by his interest in electricity honestly – through his father. Frank was an accomplished electrical engineer even without the benefit of an education. And he passed the advantage of practical experience onto his son: as a teenager, Wayne would tend the Central Union relay station on Fort Wayne's north edge.

Plus, Wayne had shown an early aptitude for mechanical projects. He and some fellow Boy Scouts built a working replica of a World War I tank, which rumbled down Fort Wayne streets during patriotic parades.

So Wayne decided to study electrical engineering in college. The only question that remained was:

Where?

In 1919, in Indiana, there could be only one answer: Purdue University.

## Chapter 2

### **The Purdue Years**

Purdue University's early yearbook, called *The Debris*, said of the 1,200-strong freshman class that showed up for classes in the fall of 1919:

"As the sunshine follows the rain, so the class of '23 followed the War."

It was a time of new beginnings. With peace in Europe, American young men put down arms and picked up peacetime pursuits. With a giant push from the war, the Power Revolution shifted into even higher gear and aviation climbed in national importance.

For entertainment, folks could go see humorist Will Rogers' first motion-picture show. And baseball fans following sports scores in newspapers across the country discovered that a Boston Red Sox pitcher named Babe Ruth could swing a bat with power.



## The Purdue Years

With rolls swelled by returning veterans, Purdue could claim either the first or second largest School of Electrical Engineering in America. The school ran along the leading edge of technology. The 1921 *Debris* reported: "The Laboratories of the School of Electrical Engineering are particularly well equipped with representative types of electrical generators, motors, etc., for instruction work and in addition a modern interurban test car and an extra high voltage testing lab ...."

Purdue also shared the national spotlight in sports. Its baseball and basketball coach – Ward "Piggy" Lambert – had already attained legendary status.

Not that legends were in short supply. The 1921 *Debris* included this description of the Purdue-Notre Dame football game that fall: "... the phenomenal work of Gipp brought Notre Dame into the scoring column." That's George Gipp, ill-fated running star who the even more famous Notre Dame coach, Knute Rockne, would memorialize in a locker room speech, telling the late player's teammate to, "win one for the Gipper."

(By the way, in 1921 Purdue lost to the Gipp, Rockne and Notre Dame 28-0.)

## The Purdue Years



Wayne probably posed for this photo, in which he appears in his ROTC uniform, in 1923, his senior year at Purdue.

To protect America's hard-won interests, an active Reserve Officers Training Corps kept a select few students in fighting trim. "Besides preparing for a national emergency," said *The Debris*, "the cadet officers are also obtaining first-hand experience in handling men."

Already 50 years old, Purdue buildings and traditions had taken on the burnished, ivy-covered flavor of age by the time Wayne appeared in West LaFayette, Ind. The Tower, Memorial Gym, and Eliza Fowler Hall already graced the campus, while architect renditions showed how a proposed student union building would look.

*The Debris* annually included pastoral scenes of the Wabash River, the nearby site of William Henry Harrison's 1811 Battle of Tippecanoe, and a willow-shaded path known as "Lover's Lane."

Wayne found time for serious pursuits, socialization and recreation while a Purdue student. He attained the rank

## The Purdue Years

of captain in ROTC, served on the Forensic Council, and joined the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

He competed on Purdue's fencing team. In a team photo, Wayne appears taller by a head than his teammates. His dark, wavy hair is parted in the middle. As in photos throughout his life, his legs are clamped firmly together and his feet splay to either side.

Obviously, Wayne did more than strike a sporting pose. The 1923 *Debris* report on the fencing team stated: "Steinkamp and Morrill represented Purdue in the conference meet and placed fourth (out of seven schools)."

By commencement day of 1923, the largest freshman class in Purdue history had become the school's largest graduating class. Wayne was one of 576 classmates, festooned in their class colors of brown and white, who received diplomas. The campus and alumni celebrated along with the graduates, for some of the festivities were held in the recently-completed union building.

But for Wayne, the summit of his college career had been reached several weeks earlier, after a journey of more than two years.

## The Purdue Years

One day late in the spring of 1921, as apple blossoms and ten thousand other possibilities bloomed, Wayne sat in a mathematics class taught by Dr. G. H. Graves. The old professor was demonstrating to sophomore students how to use a slide rule to solve quadratic equations.

Suddenly, the seed of an idea sprouted in Wayne's mind. Why couldn't the slide rule method of solving equations be adapted to a machine? The question grew into an obsession and Wayne worked throughout a weekend trying to convince himself such a machine was possible.

It could be built, he decided. And not only could such a machine figure quadratic equations, but more difficult cubic and biquadric equations as well!

Wayne excitedly explained his concept to four other students – W.W. Bartley, R. J. Patterson, U.B. Remster and George Woodling. Work began immediately. The team would spend evenings, holidays and weekends to transfer the machine from theory to metal, wire and wood.

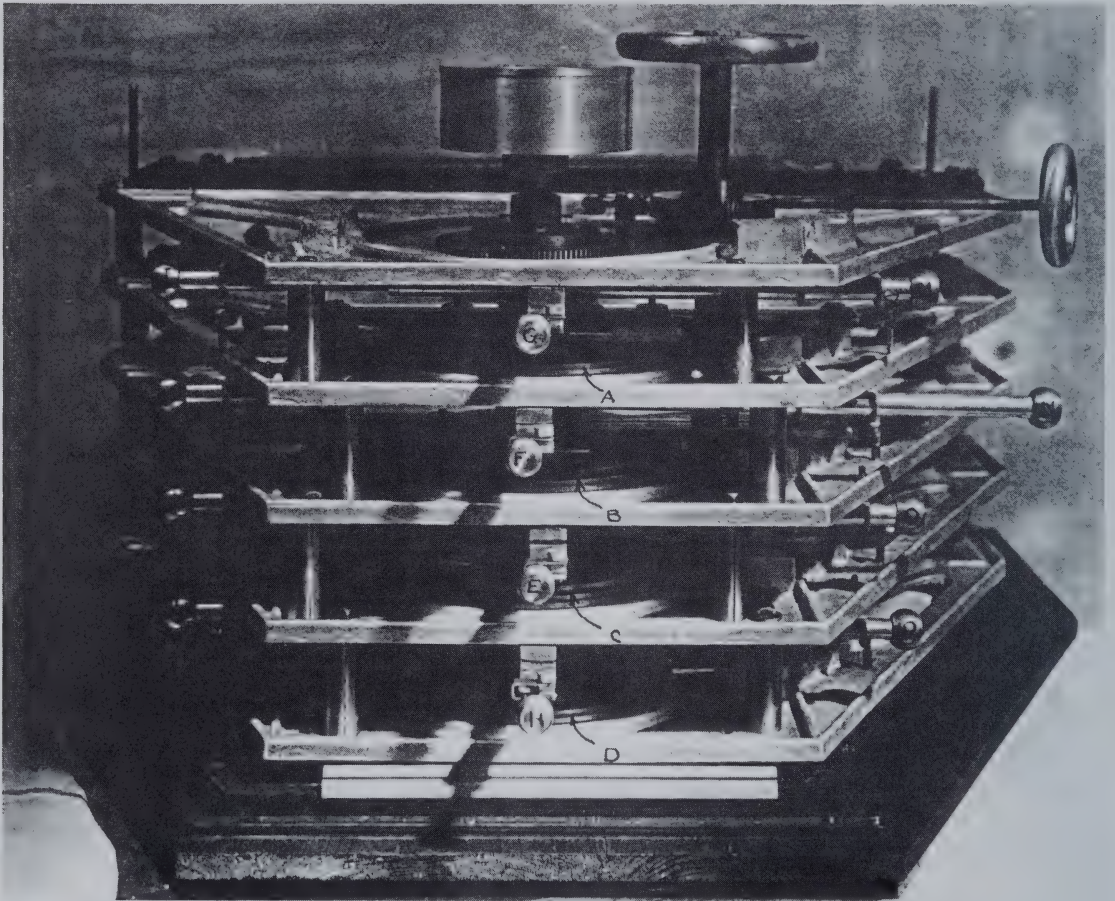
When complete, the Function Meter included four brass disks with a groove in the shape of an unwound watch spring cut in each. A photo taken during construction shows how the students used a pantograph (a mechanical tracing instrument) to outline the groove on each disk from a pat-



## The Purdue Years

tern three times larger than necessary – an example of the detailed care the students took to make sure the machine was accurate.

The students machined and cast individual parts in the university's Practical Mechanics Department. When complete, the Function Meter stood two feet high and three feet wide. It weighed over 200 pounds.



*This photo, which was part of the students' research paper, shows the layered construction of the Function Meter. The completed project included a finished wooden cabinet which completely covered the moving parts of the machine.*

## **The Purdue Years**

By turning a large metal wheel at the top of the Function Meter, the four disks – stacked atop each other like layers of a cake – rotated. A pin attached to each of four rods acted much like a record player's needle, following the groove cut in each disk.

The students used piano wire and pulleys to ensure the parts moved in unison. The coordinated motion caused a pointer to run along a scale, which would provide the correct answer once the operator stopped turning the power wheel.

The Function Meter must have been a fickle servant, for one entire section of the team's 24-page graduation thesis is devoted to warnings and repairs: "Frequent and careful inspection of all pulleys will minimise (sic) the danger of error or breakage ..... A diagram of the pulley mechanism properly linked by the steel wire is attached to the back of the meter, and a knowledge of this diagram will facilitate greatly the inspection of the adding mechanism and the making of any repairs on it which become necessary from time to time."

In April of 1923, one month before Wayne's graduation, the students invited professors from the School of Electrical Engineering to a demonstration of the Function Meter.



## **The Purdue Years**

Despite the event's 7 a.m. start time – designed not to interfere with classes – the students stayed up until 2 a.m. that morning to eliminate even the most minor flaws.

Since the meter was Wayne's baby, he took center stage at the demonstration. His excitement in what he and the other students had accomplished was evident. He had planned to describe two years of trial in constructing the Function Meter, but skipped instead right to the demonstration.

He adjusted the coefficient bars that placed the pins in the proper position on each disk's groove, and turned the negative and positive sign bars, explaining each step as he went. Then he cranked the power wheel and watched as the pointer moved across the scale.

But something was wrong. Wayne could see that the pointer wouldn't stop anywhere near the correct answer. How could that be when he and the team had tried all types of problems and the Function Meter had never missed its mark.

In the moment he had intended to bask in the learned crowd's glory, Wayne desperately retraced his steps. His head tingled with apprehension and lack of sleep. Where, what, why ... ah! There it was: he had made a simple mis-

## The Purdue Years

take. He apologized, put the Function Meter once again through its paces, and read the correct answer out loud. The room buzzed with appreciation.

Later, Wayne admitted, the added suspense caused by the mistake actually intensified the impact of the demonstration. It proved that he knew its theory and application forward and backward.

The Function Meter was a hit. Wayne and his fellow students even held a second demonstration for the public.

But where did this wonderful machine lead? The path left for history to follow gradually dims from view.

For a 1968 article in the *Purdue Engineer* (a Purdue University, Schools of Engineering publication), student author Don Knebel interviewed Wayne. In his article, Knebel referred to Wayne's invention as "what may have been the first successful ancestor of modern computers."

Knebel pointed out that several calculating machines had been built throughout history. In 1833, Charles Babbage, a British mathematician, spent his family's fortune in an obsessive search to eliminate human error through mechanical calculation. Though Babbage would never build a workable machine, later scientists proved his theories correct.



## **The Purdue Years**

Dr. Vannevar Bush did build a successful ancestor of the computer. But he began work in 1925 – two years after the Function Meter already had been relegated to storage.

So the question remains: does Wayne's work belong in the history of modern computers?

Today, Knebel – now an Indianapolis attorney – says no. He points out that Wayne's machine was mechanical, rather than electronic. To build a modern computer using Wayne's theory would require a machine as large as a city, says Knebel. In theory, it more closely resembled an abacus than an IBM.

But that doesn't lead Knebel to downplay the Function Meter's accomplishment. Back in 1968, while doing research for his article, Knebel conducted a thorough search of old Purdue buildings, looking for the Function Meter. Wayne told Knebel he last saw the machine stored on a top floor of University Hall, next to handball courts. But, Knebel discovered, the handball courts had long since disappeared.

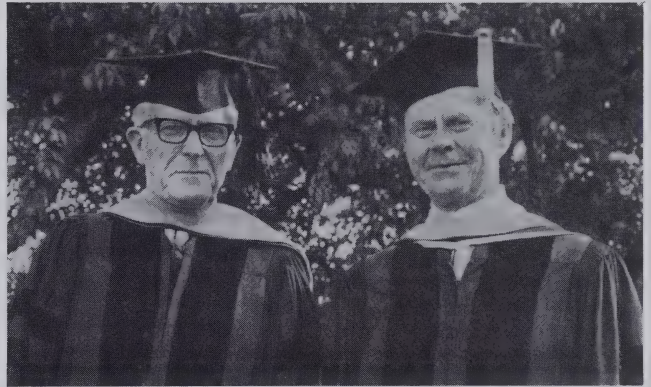
The Function Meter was never found.

Why the disappointing search? Knebel today says he and others in Purdue's schools of engineering believed Wayne's first noteworthy invention deserved more than anonymity; it belonged in the Smithsonian Institution.

## The Purdue Years

In 1974, Purdue invited Wayne back for one last official visit. As a successful businessman and inventor, he had climbed to the top of the university's list of noted alumni. And the university wished to offer him special recognition.

During commencement ceremonies of May 9-10, Wayne and his first wife, Olga, were treated like celebrities. On that Thursday evening 27 years ago, the couple enjoyed cocktails with Arthur G. Hansen, Purdue's president. They dined at a black-tie affair held at the Purdue Memorial Union, then watched the Purdue University Glee Club perform in Loeb Playhouse.



*Wayne posed with Purdue President Arthur G. Hansen on the day he received his honorary Doctor of Engineering Degree in 1974.*

On Friday, Wayne attended a men's-only breakfast given by Dean John C. Hancock, held in the 51-year-old student union building. Meanwhile, his wife enjoyed a similar, but separate meal. The couple reunited for brunch hosted by President Hansen in the Union, then Wayne proceeded to the Trustee's Room of the Executive Building where honored

## **The Purdue Years**

guests who would sit on the platform received final instructions.

A little later that afternoon, the name "Wayne Morrill" was called, and the inventor of the Function Meter walked across the stage to receive an Honorary Doctorate of Engineering degree.



# Chapter 3

## **The G.E. Years**

From 1900 to 1940, electric motors invaded American homes like termites.

Labor-saving devices arrived so fast and furious, historians termed these decades the Power Revolution. Americans saw no limits to what science could accomplish.

Nor to what it could destroy.

It was a time when world fairs triumphantly provided robotic looks into a work-free future. And a time when a recurring villain appeared in books and on movie screens – a mad scientist intent on controlling the world.

Electric lights were just emerging out of the mist of fiction when the Fort Wayne Jenney Electric Light Co. provided the new technology to illuminate the grounds of the 1884-85 World Fair, held in New Orleans.

## **The G.E. Years**

Begun in 1881, Jenney Electric became the Fort Wayne Electric Co. in 1888 when the Thomson-Houston Electric Co. bought a controlling interest.

In 1892, Thomson-Houston Electric merged with the successor of Edison Electric Light Company, which owed its existence to American inventor Thomas Edison. Officials chose a simple name for the newly-formed company:

General Electric.

A financial panic in 1893 rocked the Fort Wayne Electric Co., and it went bankrupt the following year. It reorganized under the name Fort Wayne Electric Corp, with the company's bold but reckless leader, Ranald T. McDonald, still at the helm.

Fort Wayne Electric grew under McDonald's guidance, but his investments continued to put the company in a precarious position.

While on a carriage ride in Dallas, Texas, to check personally on one of his far-flung interests, McDonald caught pneumonia. He died a few days later, on Dec. 24, 1898. By the beginning of 1899, creditors of his Fort Wayne firm had begun to call.

On Feb. 16, 1899, the remaining leaders of Fort Wayne Electric accepted the terms of bankruptcy. General Electric,

## **The G.E. Years**

which owned an interest in the company through its Thomson-Houston assets, put up its bond, added some cash, and bought Fort Wayne Electric for a court-mandated minimum of 2/3 the company's appraised value – \$356,400.

The G.E. official who placed the winning bid on the deal would figure later in the life of Wayne Morrill. His name: Charles A. Coffin.

Coffin, G.E.'s first president and CEO, believed that technology should be shared among G.E.-held companies, but manufacturing techniques should not. He allowed the renamed Fort Wayne Electric Works to remain independent – and a competitor of its parent company.

Among its many products, the company produced motors for fans. In 1907, the Fort Wayne plant added to its small motor line the manufacture of washing machine motors.

Then in 1911, G.E. completely integrated Fort Wayne Electric Works into the parent company. It's new name: Fort Wayne Electric Works of General Electric.

The company quickly grew. Buildings for production work that once had been contained on the east side of Broadway began to sprout on the west side. By 1915, G.E.



## **The G.E. Years**

at Fort Wayne employed 700 workers and billed more than a \$1 million in business.

In addition to fans and washing machines, G.E.'s small motors soon found work in hair dryers, vacuum cleaners and power tools. Then, during the 1920s, pumps, refrigerators, unit heaters and oil burners boasted G.E. motors. By 1924, the company produced 10,500 motors a week.

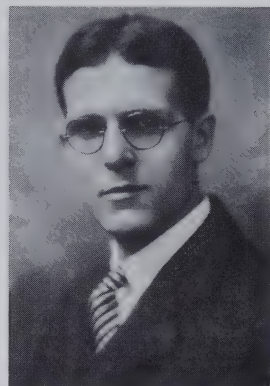
About this time, salesmen for G.E. found a unique niche in the market for motors. Customers who needed a special motor unit would send their equipment to the Fort Wayne plant, then G.E. engineers would design an appropriate motor specifically for use in that machine. The manufacture of specialized motors prompted one expert to claim in 1934 that G.E.'s small motors had been adapted to over 600 applications.

The company spread further and its buildings rose higher until G.E. dominated Fort Wayne's west-central neighborhoods. Buildings of the plant straddled Broadway like a Sumo wrestler. By 1930, inter-plant traffic crossed the city street so often, it held up traffic 20 percent of the time and caught the attention of City Hall. Altogether, company trucks traversed Broadway 254 times and 3,006 employees flooded the area each working day.

## The G.E. Years

Electric power and the manufacturing of its products ran like current through the Fort Wayne neighborhoods where the G.E. workers lived, through the churches where they worshiped, through the stores where they shopped, through the bars where they unwound. The company acted like a benevolent parent, cooperating with workers in pursuit of quality products and quality lives.

It isn't surprising that Wayne Morrill joined G.E. in 1923, the same year as his graduation from Purdue.



*Wayne Morrill about the time he joined G.E.*

Up until 1923, research for G.E. at Fort Wayne depended on the time-tested trial-and-error method: the engineers tried something new, if it didn't work, they tried again.

That all changed when Wayne arrived.

He applied lessons learned at Purdue and in building the Function Meter. When Wayne got an idea, he tested it on paper using the laws of physics and higher mathematical analysis before taking the next step into experimentation. Still, in today's world of engineering specialization, Wayne's methods would seem from another era. For, once he had an

## **The G.E. Years**

idea on paper, Wayne often machined or cast his own parts and built prototype motors with his own hands.

If the old trial-and-error boys felt any resentment toward the young engineer with the college-fresh ideas, they melted under Wayne's success. One achievement especially cast Wayne in the electrical engineering spotlight.

During the 1910's, a G.E. engineering giant, Charles P. Steinmetz, spent \$500,000 of the company's money in an unsuccessful attempt to build capacitor motors. Electrical theory at that time simply couldn't provide an answer to how the motor would perform at normal operating speeds.

In 1929, Wayne hooked up with two other brilliant G.E. engineers on the capacitor motor problem. One of the men, Phillip Alger, of G.E.'s Schenectady, N.Y. plant, was considered a genius on electric motor theory. Alger asked Wayne to apply his knowledge of theory on the capacitor motor problem. Then, over a weekend work session in Fort Wayne, Alger used Wayne's research in conjunction with several other engineers' work and built a basic model. Later, with Alexander Stevenson Jr., another talented G.E. Schenectady engineer, Alger solved the mathematical analysis of the mystery.

The long, expensive problem had been conquered!



## The G.E. Years

Alger urged Wayne to write a paper on how he creatively twisted old theory to fit the capacitor motor. Wayne did, titled it "Revolving Field Theory of the Capacitor Motor," and presented it at the 1929 winter meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

"It was a notable paper," said Clovis Linkous, author of *General Electric at Fort Wayne*. "Engineers referred to it for the next 20 years."

Life must have tasted sweet to young Wayne Morrill as the Roaring Twenties jitterbugged to a close.

While growing up, his family had been active members of Fort Wayne's First Baptist Church. Through the years, young Wayne undoubtedly glanced toward the pew of another faithful family and their daughter, Olga Welch. For on June 30, 1924, Wayne and Olga were married.

The new family soon grew. William Jerry Morrill arrived Oct. 21, 1928, and Giles Wayne Morrill followed on June 3, 1930.



*Olga Morrill as a young woman.*

## **The G.E. Years**

Despite the successful strides, this period of Wayne's life also served up another reminder that nature worked by rules outside man's influence.

In 1929, Wayne's younger brother, Glenn, died.

When Glenn succumbed to the cumulative effects of cerebral palsy, it cut short a promising law career. He had just been accepted into one of Fort Wayne's most prestigious firms.

In testimony to G.E.'s all-pervasive influence on the life of west-central Fort Wayne, Glenn is listed as a G.E. "inspector" in 1923 – he obviously had worked in the factory while pursuing his education.

And in testimony that the end came sooner than he expected, just before his death, Glenn purchased a brand new Ford automobile.

In the mid-1930s, G.E. sought a new type of motor for its consistently popular household refrigerator.

Up until this time, refrigerator motors sat on top of the cabinet, enclosed in what looked like an upside-down bushel basket. The motor could be easily reached for regular oiling, which G.E. suggested. And heat that might adversely affect

## The G.E. Years

the motor simply rose harmlessly away.

But the new refrigerator design placed the motor in back and beneath the food-storage cabinet. Convenient oiling was out. And in such a confined space, a fan was needed to dissipate heat. The motor that turned the fan had to run quietly and require no maintenance for at least 20 years.

In 1937, Wayne and an assistant came up with an answer. Their motor became known as the “unit bearing shaded pole motor,” and created the foundation for much of Wayne’s later success.

How well did Wayne’s design work? G.E. turned on a test model of the shaded pole motor in 1937; it ran continuously without maintenance until 1956.

In 1942, Wayne was awarded the Charles A. Coffin Award, named after G.E.’s first C.E.O. The award recognized outstanding achievement within the company. “It was monumental (to win a Coffin),” said Linkous. “You wore it as a badge of accomplishment.”



*Wayne's cousin, June Hendrix, still owns an old “squirrel cage” G.E. refrigerator. June said the electric icebox still worked when she last tested it in the 1970s.*



## **The G.E. Years**

By 1943, Wayne had worked his way up to the title Chief Design Engineer of the Fractional Horsepower Motor Department.

The 1930s and early 1940s also marked personal growth for Wayne.

In 1925, The Fort Wayne and Allen County Directory listed Wayne and Olga as boarders at 820 W. Washington St. – the home of Wayne's parents. But by 1927, the young couple had moved out on their own to 2317 S. Wayne Ave.

In 1930, the family moved to 2537 Maple Place, just a block west of busy Taylor Street and a mile south of G.E. Natural stone gateways stood like sentries near the entrance to the street, which ended after only one block in a cul-de-sac. Maple Place homes looked out on the Randall Estate, a great wood-frame home with a carriage house and massive gardens. The Morrill's cottage-like home was small, but by using the finished attic as a bedroom, the growing family made do.

Just a short prayer from Emmaus Lutheran Church, the Maple Place neighborhood featured lots of German Lutheran families with names such as Moeller, Ackerman, Neuman and Morrison. Each family seemed to come equipped with a couple of kids.



## The G.E. Years

Jerry – as William was dubbed by a teacher overwhelmed with Williams – and Giles found they could take a back walkway, then follow an alley to Clapesattle Drug Store for sodas and candy. Or, they'd cross the street to the Indiana Theatre and watch the adventures of "Captain Marvel," and "Captain Midnight."

If they wanted to travel further, the Morrill brothers could catch both the trolley and interurban trains right on Broadway.

About this time, a combination of sadness and joy visited the Morrills. Olga gave birth to a set of twins, but the babies both died within weeks. Heartbroken, Olga persuaded Wayne to seek adoption of an infant. That is how little Caralyn Jane Morrill, born March 24, 1938, joined the Morrill family.



*Caralyn, Giles and William  
(a.k.a. Jerry) Morrill about 1942.*

G.E. was simply part of the Morrills' fabric of life. Giles remembers stopping many times at the big plant on

## The G.E. Years

Broadway to wait for his father. At home, the smell of Formvar varnish – a popular electric motor insulation at the time – was a welcome, permanent, unseen guest.

Summer brought company picnics, and potluck dinners could be found around the calendar. At Christmas, G.E. put on a show especially for kids, complete with jugglers and magicians.

The GE Squares Club fit the company's family theme. Begun in 1922, the Squares (a mathematic twist on "General Electric Graduate Engineers," or G.E.G.E., or G.E.<sup>2</sup>) fulfilled the social needs of young engineers starting their careers. The club formed sports teams that played in Fort Wayne industrial leagues.



*The GE Squares of 1923. Wayne is seated third from right, center row.*

## **The G.E. Years**

Over the years as the original members grew older, the club became a prestigious social club that appealed to a wider age range. Activities came to include dances, costume parties, talent shows, bridge tournaments, lake outings, banquets and picnics.

Wayne could be counted among the early members, joining the Squares in 1923.

With the Power Revolution in full swing, G.E. and its small motor division didn't feel the bite of the Depression as deeply as other industries, but business did drop.

Despite President Franklin Roosevelt's combative legislative efforts to diffuse the crisis, a second depression hit the country in 1936. This time, the knees of G.E.'s small motors division buckled and workers were laid off.

Things really didn't brighten from an economic viewpoint until America joined a war started in Europe by a mad little man with a mustache.

A man intent on ruling the world.



## Chapter 4

### The Grocer's Daughter

Wayne was a 29-year-old engineer on the fast track, flush with the success of his capacitor motor paper, when 25 miles north of G.E., in a quiet railroad town, an event took place that would immensely affect his later life.

Judith Ann Clark was born Feb. 2, 1931. Back then, bragging rights in Garrett belonged to the “pioneers” – the families who predated the town. If that criteria for local royalty were applied, then Judy, the fifth and youngest daughter of grocer Chester Clark, could claim to be a true Garrett blue blood.



*Judy Clark was born into a successful Garrett grocer's family. This photo was taken behind the Clark family home at 513 S. Walsh St.*

## **The Grocer's Daughter**

*The Garrett Clipper's* Golden Anniversary Edition on Jan. 20, 1936, offered a feature with the headline, "Pioneer Residents of Garrett." Among the 121 names listed chronologically from earliest resident on, Judy's grandfather – E.E. Clark – appeared third.

Orrin C. Clark began carving a farm out of DeKalb County, Ind., woodlands, about six miles west of the town of Auburn, in 1843. On Nov. 17, 1862, Clark's wife bore a son who later news accounts and other records referred to simply as E.E.

When E.E. Clark was nine years old, officials of The Baltimore & Ohio & Chicago Railroad visited the swamps full of tamarack trees near the Clark family farm to survey a route for a new track.

By 1874, the line had been laid and the Baltimore Land Co. sent an agent – Washington Cowen – to pick a site for a railroad town. When steam-driven trains huffed across America, the smoky machines made regular stops at stations offering water and coal. The new town Cowen sought to build in northeast Indiana filled an additional need: the railroad line stretched for 262 miles, from Chicago into Ohio,

## **The Grocer's Daughter**

and the locomotives needed maintenance facilities and switching stations.

Cowen first chose a site 15 miles west of the Clark family farm. But speculators smelled a quick buck and bought the land with plans to resell to the railroad at an enormous profit.

Disgusted, Cowen headed east, where he quietly bought 604 acres of farmland from the Clark's neighbors before anyone recognized a railroad's hand in the dealings. Holding the company's cards close to its chest worked. The railroad paid \$17,000 for 50 acres on which it laid plans for a community to support its shops. Within six months, the company had divided the land into lots and resold them for more than \$90,000.

In 1876, the town of Garrett, Ind., filed for incorporation and wood-frame buildings sprang out of the ground like spring flowers. Railroads represented a coming-of-age to communities replacing the ax and musket of pioneer subsistence with the horse-drawn stability of the family farm. Railroads delivered manufactured goods from the east and milled lumber for balloon-framed houses.

Railroads also brought to a community men who pounded iron spikes to lay tracks, who built huge wooden



## The Grocer's Daughter

trestles while slogging through swamps, who coupled cars and manned switches at a time when loss of limbs and lives represented business as usual. These men worked hard and often spent their paychecks in Garrett's fast-growing selection of saloons.

Altogether, railroads brought wealth, prosperity, news, entertainment and excitement to rural America. To a 24-year-old local boy, the town must have acted like a magnet.

E.E. Clark resolved to leave the family farm and enlist in Garrett's burgeoning business district. In 1881, in partnership with his brother, Frank, he opened a meat market in the first block north of King Street, on the main north-south roadway named after B&O's Chief Engineer, J.L. Randolph.

Wood-frame stores gave way to brick buildings as Garrett grew. And in 1887, on Clark's original business site, the Palace Market building rose. The name *E.E.Clark* can still be seen, stamped in its concrete capstone.

On July 16, 1892, about the same time the General Electric company was being born, E.E. Clark had a son. Orrin Chester Clark grew up in the Palace Market, stocking shelves and keeping the coal-burning stove hot. He helped in the slaughterhouse the Clark family operated in a building across the alley behind the store.

## The Grocer's Daughter

E.E.'s family lived in a big, white house at 304 S. Lee St., just southwest of the old Garrett High School gymnasium. The grocer wasn't afraid to step out from the crowd. E.E. turned heads when he brought Garrett's first automobile to town.

Nor was he the only family member to twist a neck. Just across Houston Street, north of the Clarks, at 218 S. Lee St., lived the Heinlens, a family of French descent that had moved to Garrett from Waukesha, Wis. Whenever the dashing, outgoing Chester Clark ran down the steps of his home, the young Heinlen girl, Margaret, would jump flat across her bed to get a better look through the window.



*Orrin Chester Clark as a young Garrett grocer.*

Margaret Pauline Heinlen boasted dark, good looks, a flair for sewing stylistic clothing, and a distaste for provincial housework. She owned an independent streak, once cutting her hair in a style considered so racy, her older sister refused to speak to her in public.

## The Grocer's Daughter

The rebel spirit also revealed itself when Margaret wed Chester Clark, despite the objections of her parents.

But the union proved a hit with the town. "The bride and groom are among the best-known young people of Garrett and are members of prominent families," reported *The Garrett Clipper* on Oct. 22, 1914, the Thursday after their Tuesday wedding. When the new couple boarded a train for their honeymoon trip to Washington D.C. and Baltimore, "the luggage was decorated appropriately and rice was used generously."

Undoubtedly one of the rice throwers that day was Nate Hoeffel, the friend who served as Chester's best man.

In 1904, Nate – one of 13 children from a poor, Defiance, Ohio, family – had stepped off a westbound train in Garrett. He was headed for Iowa, where he'd been promised a job with a meat packing plant. But first, he thought he'd look up an old acquaintance, Albert "Mud" Eater, who cut meat for the Clark family.



Margaret P. Clark



## The Grocer's Daughter



*The former Palace Market as it appears today.*

E.E. Clark offered Nate a position, and he stayed in Garrett the rest of his life. Nate and Chester Clark developed a friendship and Nate eventually became an unofficial member of the Clark family. In fact, the Hoeffel family eventually inherited the Palace Market. Today, Nate's son, Harris, operates a philanthropic venture – the St. Vincent DePaul Society – out of the building built by E.E. Clark.

The fall of 1914 promised change in DeKalb County as varied as autumn colors. Buildings that still hold the heartbeats of their communities could be found that year in various stages of construction: in Auburn to the east a YMCA and the DeKalb County Courthouse; in Garrett, a new City Hall and Carnegie Public Library.

## The Grocer's Daughter

Until 1914, E.E. Clark had been an island of stability – his two-column wide ad for the Palace Market appeared in *The Garrett Clipper* every week, always on an inside page, left side. Seldom did it change text, and the final line always read: “E.E. Clark, proprietor.”

Then, for most of 1914, the ads disappeared. And that fall, a new ad appeared:

E.E. Clark  
Candidate for  
**STATE REPRESENTATIVE**  
from DeKalb County

E.E. challenged incumbent Fred Feick. But the election wasn't even close. The final tally: Feick 2,950; Willennar 2,120; Clark 677.

Instead of the statehouse, E.E. Palace Market. Yet



*When You Buy Meat*

in the summer time you want to be sure it is fresh. We replenish our stock constantly and assure you of choice meats if you come to us.

*Palace Meat Market*

*E. E. Clark, Proprietor*

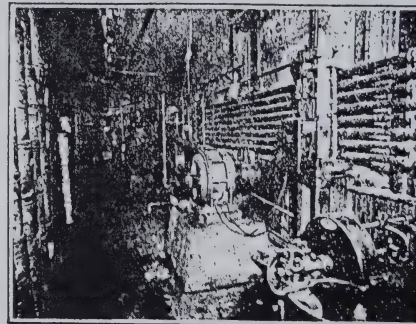
*This is how a Palace Market ad looked in July, 1912, when E.E. Clark acted as sole proprietor.*

# PALACE MEAT MARKET



Garrett's Greatest Provision  
House

Where Service and Quality  
are the First Consi-  
derations



## Market Day Special Prices

Home Sugar Cured Skinned Hams at 16c lb.

Home Sugar Cured Regular Hams at 14c lb.

Home Sugar Cured Picnic Hams at 11c lb.

Home Sugar Cured Bacon at 15c lb.

Jewel Bacon at 11c lb.

Home Rendered Pure Lard, <sup>ANY</sup> QUANTITY 10c lb.

**Green Ground Bone 2c lb.**

Highest Prices Paid for All Farm Produce

*This ad, from June, 1915, shows the dramatic change that took place when O.C. Clark and Nate Hoeffel took over management of the Palace Market.*



## The Grocer's Daughter

Instead of the statehouse, E.E. Palace Market. Yet something had changed.

On Feb. 25, 1915, a big, bold ad for the Palace Market appeared in the *Clipper*. "Garrett's Greatest Provision House," it read. Suddenly, the market's ads changed from week to week. They featured photographs of the store, and scream-sized text. The ads took on style, cleverness, and just a touch of the cocky attitude associated with youth.

In 1913, E.E. had made Chester and Nate Hoeffel partners in his business. The line "E.E. Clark, Proprietor," disappeared. "Clark & Co., Proprietors" took its place.

Chester definitely belonged to a young, new breed in Garrett. His photo appeared in the *Clipper* about this time under the heading, "Handsome Man Contest No. 7." Although Chester was indeed handsome, the article obviously was meant as a spoof, for it went on a butcher's pun parade in the truncated parlance of the day: "That the cut (photo) does not do full justice to his peculiar type of beauty. That he has killed and served up lots of bull .... Doesn't use mail pouch, but smokes bacon .... Always cuttin' up .... That he once made a futile attempt to raise a mustache."

## The Grocer's Daughter

Chester no doubt took the jokes in good humor, for business was looking up. In October of 1915, \$30,000 in renovations to the Palace Market began.

When the remodeling was complete the next fall, the *Clipper* ran a special section devoted entirely to the Palace Market. It described how a two-story addition had been added next to the older, three-story building. The *Clipper* went on to say: "In the middle of the sales room is an office that is equipped with a big, new National cash register, three telephones, and other modern facilities."

Clark & Co. also built a brick barn and garage behind the store to house the business' two automobiles, a truck, chickens and a smokehouse.

Over the years, Chester and Nate expanded the line of meats and groceries. The grocers' reputation for their own brands of roasted coffees grew and the Palace Market sold as much as 15,000 pounds per year. The store even held a contest that asked area school children to name the market's most popular coffees. "Pal-Mar" took the top prize, with "Our Invincible" and "Palace Delight" trailing behind.

Soon after their marriage, Chester and Margaret had moved into a bungalow they built at 211 E. Houston St., on



## The Grocer's Daughter



*The Palace Market got all dressed up for a special occasion in the above photo from the late 1920s or early 1930s. O.C. Clark can be seen on the left. The sign on the stack of cans to the right advertises two pounds of Maxwell House coffee for 55 cents.*

E.E.'s property and just northwest of his Lee Street house. But, with the business prospering and their family of girls growing, Chester and Margaret moved into a bigger brick home at 513 S. Walsh St. on the southeast edge of town.

Chester gained standing in the civic community as well. An active member of the Catholic Church, he served as Grand Knight of the Garrett council of the Knights of Columbus. He was elected president of the Indiana Retail



## **The Grocer's Daughter**

Grocers & Meat Dealers Association and the Garrett Chamber of Commerce.

In a way, Chester posthumously could claim some credit for luring Wayne Morrill to Garrett. In 1925, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad moved its shops – and their accompanying jobs – out of Garrett. In response, the Chamber of Commerce formed an Industrial Committee, which later became the Industrial Association. The organization took on the task of providing manufacturing space – either by buying a building or constructing one – that could be used to lure new industry to town. (For the record, the association's first catch was the Francine Brassiere Co.)

Chester Clark was an original member of the Industrial Association's board of directors and, just three years after his death in 1946, the Industrial Association helped build a factory for an innovative, former General Electric engineer and his fledgling Fort Wayne company, Electric Motors and Specialties, Co.

The Garrett in which Judy Clark grew up had a family heart, a small-town familiarity and a steel-tough edge. In those days, black smoke meant prosperity, and downtown

## The Grocer's Daughter

Garrett fairly hummed in the gritty, glorious soot of the railroads' heyday.

Names from 60 years ago still appear in the community's phone book today. A fellow named Brinkerhoff – J.D. to be exact – had served as the “witty and genial” city attorney since 1902. Zimmerman's Drug Store sat on the corner of Randolph and King streets, with Ort's Jewelry Store on the corner one block to the south. The Heinzerling family ran the hardware and the Haffners had their name on the 5 Cents to \$1 store. C.B. Hamilton published *The Garrett Clipper*.

The Creek Chub Bait Company, from its big, brick building on Keyser Street, was making waves in the sporting community. For a snort after fishing, sportsmen visited Griswald's Tavern. And for more passive, family entertainment, Garrett residents frequented the Royal Theatre.

The interurban trolley still rattled and clanged to a stop at the transfer station on the corner of Cowen and King Streets.

At the Palace Market, customers would phone in their wishes and employees would place the items in a tray, where they waited until a delivery boy fulfilled his chores. In the meat market, the butcher spread sawdust on the floor to soak up the unfortunate after-product of his profession.

## The Grocer's Daughter

As a girl, Judy stocked grocery shelves and waited on customers. If she needed her father, she just looked for Tuffy, a black, anti-social cat who followed Chester like a shadow.

Her father enjoyed a good jaw with customers. Judy remembers the day a woman picked over the offerings in the Palace's fancy display case, the one in which water actually flowed out of the center. The woman complained to Chester



*O.C. Clark poses with his five daughters (from left): Joyce, Meredith, Marjorie and Vivian. Judy appears in front.*

about the condition of his produce, and the grocer shot back:

"If you'd been picked over as many times as those tomatoes, you wouldn't look so good either!"

Despite the secure setting for her childhood, Judy felt lonely in the big house on South Walsh Street. The youngest Clark child by seven years, she

watched as her sisters one by one left home.

Then an even bigger hole opened.

Judy loved to wander in the woods.



## The Grocer's Daughter

She'd walk east of her home, between the Garrett High School football field and the Boy Scout camp, along the road today known as Warfield Street, to the woods where Woodview Estates now stand.

She'd spend entire days just walking, listening, or playing with friends.

On Oct. 19, 1944, when she was 13 years old, Judy went into the woods to pick berries with her friend Ilene Gault. As the girls walked back home along the road, Harry Gault and Harry Wert met them.

"Your father's been in an accident," they said to Judy.

She later learned that Chester, only 52 at the time, had been unloading potatoes off a freight train at the Garrett station when he said to his helper: "I've got the funniest feeling in my chest. I'm going to sit down for awhile." He rested on a sack inside the box car, and a little later tried to stand. He started to fall and was helped to lie down on the floor.

He never got up.



*Judy Clark, about age 10, poses in a skating outfit sewn by her mother. She was a child of privilege, but would be fatherless soon.*

## **The Grocer's Daughter**

The next day, a dozen roses arrived for Judy's mother, Margaret. The card said they'd been sent by Chester – his gift to celebrate the couple's 30th wedding anniversary that day.

From then until Margaret's death on Feb. 9, 1974, Judy lived almost continuously with her mother in the family home. She left only three years, during a short, unsuccessful marriage.

Judy met Johnny, an Auburn boy, while still in high school. They married when she was 23. It became obvious early that the marriage wouldn't work. The young couple gave their relationship one last try when Johnny took a job with an airlines in Chicago. But within a year, Judy returned to northeast Indiana.

She worked at International Harvester in Fort Wayne for awhile. But before long, she was back at Garrett.

Judy was 26, divorced, and living with her mother when a friend urged her to apply for a job with a new, growing company on the town's west edge – a company that manufactured all sorts of electric motors.

## Chapter 5

### **War**

On Dec. 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

The home of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, virtually enclosed by the island of Oahu, had a reputation for safety so impregnable that it was nicknamed "Gibraltar of the Pacific." So when a Japanese force of planes from six carriers struck unexpectedly at 7:50 a.m., the American fleet was caught off guard. It offered almost no defense. By 10 a.m., 18 ships had been hit, more than 200 American aircraft damaged or destroyed. The human toll cut even more deeply: 2,400 Americans killed, 1,300 wounded, 1,000 missing.

When news of the attack arrived on the mainland by radio, America was stunned. The nation was at war.

That evening, as a precaution against enemy bombers identifying G.E. at Fort Wayne – which already had begun producing products for war – the 50-foot sign on top of



## War

Building 4, the small motor building, was not turned on for the first time since it began identifying the company in 1928. Its 925 bulbs would not be relit until June 15, 1945.

War radically changed the Fort Wayne plant. As early as 1938, the Fractional Horsepower Motor Department was asked to develop special electric motors for use in fighter planes, bombers and warships. With top-secret work came ever tightening security. After Aug. 12, 1940, every G.E. employee was required to wear an identification badge. Guards were given the power to make arrests and began to carry firearms. After March 3, 1941, no employee was allowed into the plant without a company badge.

On May 1, 1942, the last electric motor G.E. would produce for civilian use for the duration of the war came off the assembly line.

Wayne's small motor expertise quickly became a highly-prized war commodity. At one point, G.E. lent him to a West Coast gear system manufacturer to design an electric solenoid. According to the plan, Wayne would fly out to California one day and return the next.

He stayed two weeks.

## War

For each problem posed, Wayne seemed to have an answer. In those hectic few days, he invented electric motor-gear systems to operate bomb bay doors, flaps and wheel systems on the famous Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress aircraft.

Then a gear train manufacturer said he was having difficulty procuring a small, eight-part motor terminal assembly used on the B-17. Wayne thought the assembly so simple, a child could make it.

On his return home, he broached the idea with his two grade-school-age sons, Jerry and Giles: Would they like to manufacture a part for the Flying Fortress?

The boys' patriotism ran high. They already had answered an ad in *Popular Mechanics* magazine, offering to perform "nuisance work," or production with which full-grown factories didn't want to bother. So they were mentally ready to help. Plus, Jerry and Giles felt emotionally involved. They knew an English engineer who had recently finished a stint at G.E. and returned home with his family; soon afterward, the Germans began their attempts to bomb the British into submission. Add to that, the America's romance with the B-17, which provided the stuff of boys' dreams. Real-life stories told how the bomber routinely hit with precision targets deep within enemy territory, then

## War

returned its crew despite losing one, two, even three engines, or suffering huge holes torn into the plane's sides or wings by enemy flak. Experts claimed the Flying Fortress single-handedly changed the concept of war.

Yes, the Morrill boys' fighting dander and interest in the B-17 ran high.

Years later, Wayne recorded their two-word response to his manufacturing opportunity question in capital letters:

"WOULD WE!!"

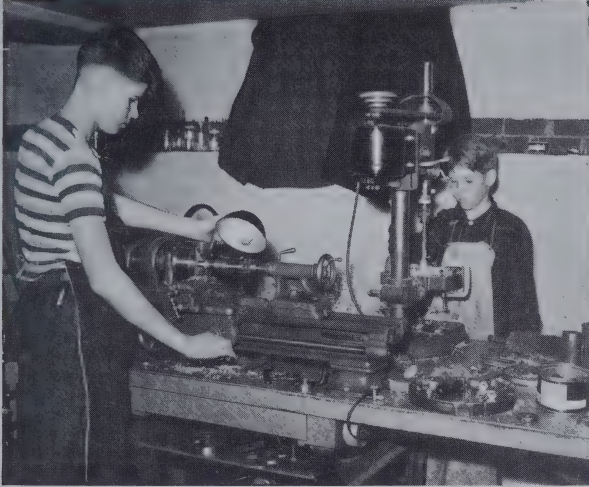
Wayne and his sons had a metal shop in the basement of the Morrill family's home on Maple Place, including a power saw, lathes, and small hydraulic press. Wayne treated the venture very much like a business. He loaned his sons money and expected repayment from their profits. Olga acted as purchasing agent and inspector. Sister Caralyn eventually helped by sweeping up the shop.

After showing the boys what to do, Wayne let them loose. Each morning Jerry, 13, and Giles, 11, awoke at 6:30 a.m. Using lathes and a drill press, they produced parts accurate to 2,000th of an inch. At first they produced 50 motor terminal assemblies a week. Over time, business grew to the point where they hired two employees – both adults. And two years later, when demand swelled so that they had



## War

to give up the business, the basement shop was producing 2,000 motor terminal assemblies each week.



*Jerry, left, uses a precision metal lathe while Giles operates a drill press. The boys conducted their wartime business out of a shop in the family basement.*

The boys' unique contribution to the war effort attracted attention. *Coronet* magazine – a small, thick newsprint publication produced by *Esquire* and crammed with rah-rah American war stories – featured Jerry and Giles in the November 1943 issue.

Nine sequential photos showed the boys' day, from waking up in bed to smiling down at paychecks. The caption under that last photo read, "Oh boy – payday! Every cent goes into War Bonds, a junior citizen's best investment."

The family took part in a radio show in Chicago, during which they got to speak over the airwaves to Eleanor Roosevelt in New York. The National Association of Manufacturers even invited the boys and their mother to the Big Apple for the group's annual meeting.

By 1942, military demand for the type of products G.E. could produce stretched the company's manufacturing department to the breaking point. Wayne grew frustrated because, as head of the engineering department for small motors, he had been told to accept no more projects until manufacturing caught up on work already ordered. Wayne felt eager to contribute; he knew his talents were urgently needed for he had recently received a second, frantic appeal from the Signal Corps for help in designing a field generator.

Not long afterward, during a meeting between G.E. officials and the Signal Corps, a procurement officer told how the corps had tried for two years to obtain a working model of a field generator, but to no avail. G.E. officials sympathized, but replied that the war's load on their resources were too great.

G.E. simply couldn't help.

That evening, Wayne contacted the procurement officer at his hotel. If the Signal Corps could furnish him with the necessary priorities that would allow him to obtain a supply of war-rationed raw materials, Wayne said, he would build a working field generator model on his own time. The procurement officer hastily agreed.

## War

Wayne worked on the generator in his basement shop, alongside his sons' wartime business. Immediately, a problem arose. Wayne didn't have the facilities to make generator laminations. Then he remembered a discussion he'd had with an employee of a company that made the laminations he needed. The man said his company was frantically searching for a working model of a voltage regulator. The business made hand-cranked generators for the war effort, and regulators were needed to turn inconsistent cranking motion into a steady stream of electricity.

Wayne contacted the company and proposed a swap: he would engineer their voltage regulator in exchange for generator laminations. It took a week of long, after-work hours, but the voltage regulator was built and a successful trade was made.

Wayne then turned to the field generator. He had taken into his confidence his assistant at G.E., Edward Schaefer, a young man known for his sharp mind and bow ties. The two men worked three weeks in Wayne's home shop and produced a working field generator. The Signal Corp procurement officer, based in Fort Mommouth, New Jersey, was called one day; he arrived in Fort Wayne the next morning.





*The generator Wayne and Ed Schaefer designed was no larger than a gas can. Here it is shown next to a modern office telephone.*

Wayne set up a demonstration in which the 12-inch square generator would light five 100-watt light bulbs. Thirty years later Wayne would write of the moment: "In spite of the fact that the Captain was by

nature a phlegmatic poker-playing Texan, he observed the gasoline engine-driven generator operate a few minutes, and then he said: 'Gentlemen, this machine exceeds my fondest hopes.'"

Of course, even with a working prototype, the Signal Corps still owned a problem – where would the generators be manufactured? Like G.E., all other electrical production companies had more war work than they could handle.

The solution? Wayne and his assistant decided they would form their own production company. They originally called it M&S Electric Co. – for Morrill and Schaefer – but soon changed the name to Electric Motors and Specialties, Co.

# Chapter 6

## Crossroads

At 42 years old, Wayne Morrill faced a crossroads.

He and Ed Schaefer had built 25 working field generators for the Signal Corps in Wayne's basement, and now the military demanded 250 more machines *fast*. G.E. couldn't handle the job – in fact, the company's refusal to take on the project due to a logjam in the manufacturing department led Wayne to pursue the project in the first place.

Wayne thought he had a solution. The engineering department couldn't move forward until manufacturing caught up, so he and Schaefer asked to take a 6-month leave of absence from G.E. With the sabbatical, the men would set up a production line to manufacture the generators.

But the G.E. plant manager discovered why Wayne and Ed wanted time off. He told Wayne to assign production

## Crossroads

work of the generators to G.E., drop the project entirely, or leave G.E.

Leave G.E.?

Wayne had worked long and hard to earn the title Chief Design Engineer. He was in the middle of a brilliant career in the most exciting profession of the Power Revolution, and at one of the most turbulent times in America's history.

Leave G.E.? It would be like turning around in the desert when the promised land was in sight.

But Wayne recognized the military's practical need for generators, and G.E.'s inability to supply them. He viewed the company's self-concern as arrogance.

And he felt caught in no-man's land.

So he left.

The decision must have made sense, because Ed Schaefer soon followed.

The two men set up shop at 3115 Fairfield Ave. in Fort Wayne. Through the front windows of the small, one-story



*The first Electric Motors & Specialties building, 3115 Fairfield Ave., Fort Wayne.*



## Crossroads

brick building, the new entrepreneurs could look across a lawn and see the old Lutheran Hospital.

Wayne and Ed received financial help from Eban Moon, an owner of Hillsdale Commutator Co. Moon counseled the young men to follow a conservative fiscal policy and rarely rely on outside financing to pay for growth.

With most able-bodied men in uniform overseas, patriotic housewives comprised the bulk of Electric Motors & Specialties' first work force. The women wore the unofficial uniform of the time – black slacks, white socks, black, high-heeled shoes, and scarves halfway back on their heads.

The inexperienced women did their work well. Generators rolled off the line and – Wayne and Ed figured – at about half the cost G.E. would have charged.

The two men made several hundred thousand dollars their first year in business. But their pockets never bulged. The government took about 90 percent of their money through a device that prevented war profiteering, called “excess profit taxes.”

In 1944, Wayne visited a party attended by other government contractors. He fell into a discussion with an engineer from a fellow Fort Wayne firm. The man said his com-

## Crossroads

pany had just ordered motor alternators from an outside source.

When the engineer finished explaining how his supplier planned to build the contraption, Wayne shook his head. He said he feared the motor could never be synchronized; he explained why, and offered an alternative.

"Would you build a motor alternator your way for us?" the engineer asked. Wayne waved him off. EM&S was already too busy and simply didn't have the floor space, he said.

Two weeks later, the engineer telephoned Wayne. The problem with the supplier's motors came true, just as Wayne predicted. This time the man pleaded and Wayne relented. "I will build you one," Wayne said.

"But no production."

The prototype proved a hit and its duplicates would become part of the first automatically operated radar controlled bomb sight for the Air Force. The engineer later told Wayne that the device was 100 times more accurate than military specifications required.

Of course, at the time Wayne produced the prototype, no company was available to mass produce it.

## Crossroads

So Wayne rented the former Fort Wayne Gas Co. offices at the corner of Hale Avenue and Riedmiller Street, just a casual walk from G.E. He placed Olga in



*The former Fort Wayne Gas Co. offices served as the first home of Morrill Motors.*

charge, and formed a second company named Morrill Motors.

The business later moved from the gas company building to the EM&S building on Fairfield Avenue, then in 1955 to its present location, 3685 Northrop St., Fort Wayne, where it still manufactures motors for household appliances.

Today, Morrill Motors' chairman, president, chief executive officer and principal owner is Giles Morrill.

The war officially ended Sept. 2, 1945.

In Fort Wayne, people danced into the streets. Strangers hugged strangers and workers left their posts.



## Crossroads

Church bells rang, whistles blew and parades formed. Day upon day of wild celebration followed.

When the party ended, America took stock of its business situation: it had industry capable of producing more goods than at any time in history; it had 12 million GI's and more than a quarter million WACs returning home – all potential consumers, employees in need of jobs and eager-to-be parents soon to start families.

What to do?

Wayne had a few ideas. He admired the philosophy of Henry Ford Sr., who perfected the assembly line for mass producing automobiles. Ford aimed to keep manufacturing plants down in size and locate them in small communities. The towns should be little enough so that workers, if they chose, could walk to work, to school, to church, even to shopping centers, according to Ford's dream. And, he said, land should be plentiful enough for everyone to have a garden.

Wayne added his own flavoring to the automaker's ideas. He felt an obligation to the ambitions of his "adopted sons" – the bright young men who helped him build his business. If he let the companies grow naturally – that is, through word-of-mouth advertising and by paying for any

## Crossroads

growth with earnings instead of borrowed money, as Eban Moon had taught him – he could provide “more and better jobs for more people.” Yet the plants would remain small enough – about 100 employees – so that one man could oversee operations, and everyone could be on a first-name basis.

“It seems to us that this plan embodies the very essence of what the term ‘private enterprise’ should mean,” Wayne wrote 30 years later. “Business is something which should be good for everybody.”

Whether Ed Schaefer shared Wayne’s vision isn’t recorded. But in 1944, he and another engineer, T. Wayne Kehoe, started Franklin Electric Co. in Bluffton, Ind. In 1946, Schaefer amicably ended his association with EM&S.

Schaefer’s success in business mirrored Wayne’s own, but on a different scale. Today, Franklin Electric is a world-wide industry with 3,500 employees, while EM&S never grew beyond a handful of plants and a few hundred workers in Indiana and Tennessee.

In looking back at the partners’ separation, Jerry Morrill concluded that his father’s theory on small plants probably clashed with Schaefer’s ideas on how a business

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should grow. Whatever the reason, both men deserve mention as electrical engineering giants in northeast Indiana.

And, in case such statistics mean anything, it should be recorded that in 1987 Schaefer told a newspaper reporter he could count 80 domestic patents to his name. In 1974, Wayne told a magazine editor he couldn't supply the exact number of patents he owned, but it was somewhere around 80. By his death 15 years later, he held over 100.

Late in 1946, Wayne got a chance to put his business philosophies into practice.

EM&S needed more space and Wayne felt it was time to leave the Fairfield Avenue facility. The company began looking for a place to house its punch press operation. Wayne didn't impress most people as the sentimental sort, but he said he chose the site of expansion – Garrett, Ind. – for one reason:

He remembered it as a child.

Of course, the efforts of the Garrett Chamber of Commerce didn't hurt. Wayne had struck up an acquaintance with D.L. "Dude" Haffner, then owner of Haffner's 5 cents to \$1 store. And Haffner had connections to the chamber.



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In order to convince Wayne to move his company to town, the chamber bought a 245-by-300 foot lot at the corner of King and Hamsher streets from the farming couple of Oliver and Eileen Maurer. The price: \$925.

For further incentive, the chamber promised to lend EM&S up to \$9,300 for construction of an L-shaped, 60-by-200 foot, concrete-block building.

The site of the new factory nestled among blue-collar, family homes. To the north sat a dry cleaning business owned by the DePew family and a church known for its enthusiastic services. To the south could be seen grazing cows in a Maurer field and tombstones marking a cemetery.

Preparations to move into the new factory introduced Wayne to two long-time employees.

Since he didn't want to wait for construction of the new factory, Wayne in 1946 purchased a 40-by-100 foot Quonset hut. The half-circle, metal shell building had been developed by the armed services. Because its prefabricated pieces didn't require framing, builders could rivet a Quonset hut together in a very short time.

The Fort Wayne salesman who explained this building's fine features to Wayne was Francis Thompson.

## Crossroads

In 1947, Thompson would join EM&S as a salesman. Then he would climb the ladder, serving as a purchasing agent, production manager, cost analyst and business administrator before being named vice president in 1970. He retired in 1992.

"Tommie," a pilot and Army Air Corp veteran, had been wounded at Clark Field in the Philippines on America's first official day in the war. He served 2 1/2 years after that in the South Pacific. Tommie would retire from the Air Force reserves as a Lt. Col. During his years at EM&S, he would be elected treasurer and president of the Garrett Chamber of Commerce.

Today Thompson lives in Bloomington, Ind., with his wife, Alice.

The Quonset hut needed electricity, so Wayne hired a Garrett electrician to give the building power. Soon Dick Sanderson became a regular sight around EM&S. After a while, the personnel manager asked Dick if he'd like to work for the company full time.

Dick began in the EM&S experimental lab, where Wayne's special projects took shape. Later he worked as a supervisor on the assembly line. One day Wayne called Dick

## Crossroads

over to talk about troubleshooting the line's equipment. Dick must have made an impression, because he soon found himself in the position of project engineer.

Usually Wayne would start a project, then watch carefully over the project engineer's shoulder as work progressed, said Dick. But everyone felt part of the process.

Dick – who retired as vice president of manufacturing in 1992 and lives today in Auburn with his wife, Margie – especially remembers the difficult projects. For one of the early computers built by Remington Rand, EM&S built a special 400-cycle motor. For a refrigerated railroad car, EM&S built a generator that powered six to eight motors, which in

turn powered fans to circulate air. The generator ran off the turning box car wheels and the amazing thing, said Dick, is that Wayne found a way to keep the current running in the same direction, no matter which direction the wheels were turning. In



*Dick Sanderson during his  
EM&S days.*



## Crossroads

fact, the little switch which produces that magic can be counted among Wayne's patents.

Most of all, Dick remembers how Wayne lived, slept and ate special projects. The boss loved nothing more than digging

into a problem and not surfacing in the outer world until it was finished.

In other words, when facing the crossroads of continuing at G.E. or striking out on his own, Wayne chose well.



*After the success of EM&S was assured, the Morrill family moved into this fine home at 3448 S. Washington Road, Fort Wayne.*

EM&S was a solid success. With the new, financial breathing

room, Wayne moved his family out of the small, cottage-like home on Maple Place. They landed in a posh neighborhood and big Colonial Revival house with a large lawn at 3448 S. Washington Road, on what was then the western edge of Fort Wayne.

## Chapter 7

### **Matchmaker**

Garrett and Electric Motors & Specialties proved to be a couple made for each other.

Construction crews completed the new L-shaped factory in April of 1948. Wayne provided jobs for EM&S's Fort Wayne workers through Morrill Motors and filled 50 or so new EM&S positions in Garrett with local folk.

Wayne then set out to find new products to keep both EM&S and Morrill Motors humming. He decided to concentrate on creating different applications for his line of capacitor motors.

In the days before air conditioning, window fans proved a popular item with homeowners. In 1948, Wayne designed a household fan and EM&S soon signed an agreement with Sears, Roebuck & Co. The fan featured a 24-inch case, built-

## Matchmaker

in timer and a conveniently-thin shape made possible by Wayne's special motor.

When fan production at EM&S began, the move to the Garrett plant was not complete. So all parts were made in the Fort Wayne plant and the small Garrett force provided final assembly only.

Pauline Sanderson of Waterloo, Ind., was one of the first six women Wayne hired. She took a temporary position with EM&S in May of 1948 and made 80 cents an hour. At that time, the workers did their job in an old metal shed by the Garrett Foundry.

Pauline worked just three months and was laid off. Then, after only 1 1/2 days off the job, she received a call to come back. Pauline, now 73, has been working continuously with the company ever since.

Today, when speaking of the steps to assemble Sears fans, Pauline's hands begin to make motions of almost 50 years ago. She shows how workers placed the two case halves together, pulled cotton-covered leads of the motor through hollow tubes and into the case, soldered the connections, placed the grill on and packed the completed fan in cardboard boxes with shredded newspaper alongside to soften the ride. Pauline stretches her arms up in the air to



## Matchmaker

show that she was at her maximum, tip-toe reach when the early EM&S employees stacked the fan boxes 12 high.

From that modest beginning, production at Garrett grew quickly in importance. When Wayne moved his Fort Wayne offices in 1949, all phases of EM&S had relocated to Garrett.

That meant the new plant not only assembled fans, but motors, too.

Pauline smiles when she recalls early motor making in Garrett. Before Wayne designed and built one sometime later, the plant had no automatic winder to put a motor's wire coils in place. So workers used a lathe, which spun a chuck that held several spindles. Workers wound the wire around the spinning spindles, first one way, then the other. The wires then were held in place with a hairpin until the assembly could be placed within the body of a motor.



*Pauline Sanderson, 73, joined EM&S in its first days at Garrett and has no plans to retire. Here she poses in Judy's office with her good friend, Frisky.*

## Matchmaker

To test to make sure each field had been wound the right way, workers ran electricity through the wires and used a conventional compass to test which way the flow was going.

Lyall Morrill served as production manager of the Sears fan contract. Despite working under Wayne, Lyall didn't need to hang his head when in the company of his accomplished, older brother.

A graduate of Fort Wayne's Central High School and Indiana University, the youngest Morrill brother attended Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration before quitting his education to join the Navy in 1942. During World War II, Lyall rose to the rank of lieutenant commander.

After his retirement from the military, Lyall joined EM&S. But he soon found his own niche for success. Lyall noticed that the appliance industry badly needed a consistent supply of wiring harnesses, the spaghetti-like mass of wires that acts as a machine's central nervous system. Somewhat to Wayne's chagrin, in 1952 Lyall began his own business – Lyall Electric – while still working at EM&S.

## Matchmaker

Wayne really became concerned when one of his company's other bright, young stars – Chet Dekko – decided to leave EM&S in order to join Lyall's fledgling business.

When Wayne learned through the grapevine that Chet planned a fishing trip at Lake Tippecanoe with plant manager James Fuhrman and his wife, he changed his plans. Wayne decided that he and Olga needed a weekend at Lake Tippecanoe, too.

Wayne casually suggested that the three men meet during the weekend to go fishing. They did, and chose a distant point at which to try their luck. But the boat had no

motor – locomotion would have to be provided by oars.

“You fellas leave the rowing to me,” said Wayne. And, in complete control, he talked the entire 20 minutes it took to reach the men's destination, all the while trying to change Chet's mind.



*Wayne couldn't keep Chet Dekko on the line for EM&S, but he landed this 33-inch, 8 3/4 lb. Northern pike at Lake Tippecanoe in September of 1953.*



## Matchmaker

Fishing proved good that day – except for Wayne's intended catch. Chet stood firm in his conviction to leave EM&S.

Wayne figured he had done his part, so on the return trip, he turned the oars over to Chet and Jim. Only then did the two employees notice that Wayne had chosen to ally himself with the wind and they would have to fight nature all the way back. Between Chet and Jim's bent backs, the return trip took 1 1/2 hours of hard rowing.

Lyall Electric Inc. grew to include 23 subsidiaries throughout northeast Indiana. When Lyall died at age 66 on May 19, 1974, the company passed to his wife, Amy. Then, in the late 1980s, Chet Dekko bought out Amy and took control.

Chet passed away in September of 1992. But a foundation begun in his name – the Dekko Foundation – remains very much alive in northeast Indiana.

In its first 10 years of existence, EM&S didn't pay the best wages in town. But its workers led the way in loyalty.

Why?

It was Wayne. He took on any task that needed to be done. He'd roll up his shirt sleeves and bend over a lathe to

## Matchmaker

do precision grinding, or lie on a piece of cardboard and slide under a greasy press. The feeling of self sacrifice for the job proved contagious.

"If you see someone in a white shirt and tie who gets right in there and works with you," said Pauline Sanderson. "You don't think anything about putting in overtime."

Early workers recall the first years at EM&S as special, a time when they felt part of something important, something exciting. That unifying bond, and the relatively small number of employees, created a feeling of family.

Wayne encouraged that attitude and placed himself in the father role.

On Dec. 4, 1953, he organized a caravan of three cars and treated key employees to dinner and entertainment in Chicago. On March 31, 1954, Wayne unexpect-



*Wayne presided over a June 19, 1953 ceremony in which the flagpole on the northeast corner of the EM&S lot was dedicated.*

## Matchmaker

edly gave all employees – now numbering 120 – a \$25 bonus and 5-cent raise. In addition, Olga Morrill announced, the company would create an Electric Motors & Specialties Foundation, which would provide funds for civic and educational purposes.

At the plant, Wayne operated under an open-door policy. He willingly listened to personal problems. He probably wouldn't want it mentioned, said Pauline, but the factory employees all knew that on several occasions he financially helped workers' families who were down on their luck.

Mike McMeen, EM&S machine shop supervisor, noted that Wayne voluntarily helped employees. Laws now force companies to provide that same kind of aid. "He was way ahead of his time in that respect," said McMeen.

Respect ran both ways. Workers went the extra mile for Wayne and – once workers proved to be faithful – they could count on never being laid off.



*Wayne clowns with Helen Bowmar during an EM&S Christmas party, held Dec. 4, 1953.*



## Matchmaker

Wayne's philosophy on employee relations probably took root during his G.E. days. First, he remembered the family atmosphere that pervaded G.E. before efforts to organize labor caused lines between workers and management to be drawn. And, just before he died, Wayne would tell the Garrett Chamber of Commerce how he once watched a G.E. official belittle and berate a young salesman. From that time on, Wayne said, he determined that he would always listen politely to all people and that he would treat them with respect.

If Wayne fulfilled the father role in the EM&S family, then Chester Ludwig could be called the kindly uncle. Ludwig, who owned the distinction of being the company's first employee, played his role as personnel director with easy going good humor. Where Wayne's mind often remained at business even in social situations, tall, loose-limbed Chet – who had been a band leader as a young man – went with the flow. People just liked being around him.

In those early days, if anybody had a problem, they talked to Chet. Several old timers mentioned the soothing effect Chet had on frustrated workers. When the younger men planned sales meetings in northern Michigan – meet-

## Matchmaker

ings that weren't strictly business – they always tried to include Chet.

And Chet's friendly ways extended into the Garrett community. He was chosen president of the Garrett Lions club in 1955, and served in both the Garrett and Indiana State chambers of commerce.

He served EM&S 30 years, from its infancy in 1942 until his retirement in 1972. Unhappily, his retirement didn't last long. On Nov. 2, 1978, Chet died of a heart attack.

But his presence at EM&S remains. Chet loved clocks. He gave Wayne one of his favorites, a dark-wood antique with a swinging pendulum. It's keeping time today in Judy Morrill's office.



*Judy poses with the antique clock that hangs in her office. Chet Ludwig collected antique clocks and gave this particular clock to Judy and Wayne as a gift.*

On a typical business day during the early years of EM&S, Wayne left his Fort Wayne home and stopped early at

## Matchmaker

Morrill Motors in the Fairfield Avenue plant. After taking care of any necessary business, he traveled to Garrett, where he'd arrived at EM&S about 10 a.m.

While Morrill Motors evolved into exclusively a production site, EM&S became Wayne's workshop – his creative home away from home. Employees would arrive in the morning to find that their boss had worked through the night. Projects seemed to consume him. On occasion, employees would find him sleeping on the break room floor or in his car.

One Sunday night, all EM&S officials attended a formal party. An ice storm raged and electrical power started going out all over Garrett. So Wayne, Francis Thompson, and Chet Ludwig – all dressed in tuxes – headed for the factory.

The men arrived about midnight. Francis and Chet trudged home at 6 a.m. Wayne stayed. The next morning, after a nap, Wayne was back at work.

Following Wayne's lead, EM&S employees dreaded being caught "goofing off." As a result, the boss and his team went to ridiculous extremes to make sure the tag couldn't be applied to them.

Once Wayne invited plant manager Jim Fuhrman to go fishing in northern Michigan in the middle of a late autumn



## Matchmaker

week. The two men left about 5 a.m. and arrived at Burt Lake about noon. They fished two or three hours in weather so cold their wet lines froze in the rod eyelets.

About 6 p.m., the men visited a cottage Wayne owned in the area and he took care of some winterizing details. They then drove to a nearby town and ate dinner until 8 p.m.

Today, Jim chuckles at the memory. He was beat and sure Wayne would find a nearby motel and they'd spend the night. But, no, Wayne hit the highway and completed the 7-hour trip home. Jim said he climbed into bed about 3:30 a.m.

His wife urged him to sleep in the next morning, but Jim knew better. He drove to work at his normal time.

Sure enough: Wayne's car was already there.

Actually, Wayne rarely really left work. His daughter, Caralyn Menor, said Wayne would arrive home about 7 p.m. He'd eat supper, stretch out with a newspaper on the couch, and generally doze off. By 3 or 4 a.m., he'd be up again and at work in an extra bedroom, where he'd set up a drawing board. He usually left the house before 7 a.m. to begin another work day.

Wayne pushed himself to be the best for three reasons.

## Matchmaker

First, he owned an obsessive drive to be the best. It allowed him to soar to uncharted heights, but it also brought out the worst in him: once an employee worked long, after-work hours to develop a circuit board that solved several production problems in a new line of motors; he showed the design to Wayne, who appeared only casually interested; but the circuit board soon appeared on EM&S assembly lines.

Later, Wayne patented the idea under his own name.

Wayne also drove himself out of principal, out of a deep belief in the old-fashioned work ethic. He was taught to work hard as a boy, he strove to work hard as a man, and as a boss, he expected others to work hard.

And finally, Wayne spent so many hours and so much energy at work because he drew sheer enjoyment from what he did.

"He loved it," said his daughter Caralyn. "He absolutely loved it."

After 10 years in Garrett, EM&S could lay claim as the town's largest industrial employer. Its payroll included over 150 workers. Two additions had been made to the original factory. Business looked good and the future even better.

## **Matchmaker**

Wayne wasn't one for relaxing, but on March 5, 1956, his schedule was clear except for one last appointment. In an uncharacteristic moment of casual comfort, Wayne visited Chet Ludwig's office, propped his feet on the desk, and leaned back in his chair.

Then he asked that the young woman applying for a secretary's position be shown in.



## Chapter 8

### **The Romance**

Judy still laughs at the memory of meeting Wayne J. Morrill.

She looked at the man almost 30 years her senior, with his feet propped casually on Chet Ludwig's desk. She calculated the intensity needed to work for such a man, and thought:

"This is going to be easy."

After a short interview in which she landed a secretarial job, Judy walked to her car parked across King Street from the factory. An old high school friend she hadn't seen since she arrived back in town drove up. They talked, then Judy jumped in the young man's car and roared off.

Today, she puts her hand over her mouth in embarrassment and says she didn't realize that, inside the factory, her carefree departure had been witnessed. The story circu-

## The Romance

lated in the rumor mill for more than a year, at which point Judy caught wind of it.

The new EM&S employee soon found out that her new job wouldn't be the cakewalk she first imagined. After a short

stint keeping the office of James Fuhrman, she became Wayne's secretary. Two personality quirks made Judy's work with Wayne both exhilarating and frustrating: first, there was Wayne's energetic, total immersion in the job. Secondly, there was his temper.



*Judy about the time she joined EM&S.*

Judy recalls listening through the door as her boss exploded with anger over some business bungle. It's strange, but that intensity first attracted her to him.

"I was fascinated," she says. "What could make a man get so angry? What kind of man was this?"

She quickly found out. During monotonous, routine jobs that the two did together, Wayne began to open up. "Oh,

## The Romance

we talked and talked and talked and talked,” says Judy. A mutual, romantic attraction developed.

Judy says she never felt any doubts, any misgivings about the affair that followed. She never noticed the 29-year age difference. Nor did she feel guilty about seeing a married man, despite the fact that she tried to keep the relationship secret – especially from her Catholic mother.

Why the easy passage in such dangerous waters?

Judy pauses. Well, she says, it was a different time. Affairs were accepted and divorce was not. Judy never wanted any more from Wayne than what she had. She felt their love affair could go on indefinitely without disturbing the Morrill family.

But most of all, says Judy, the reason she felt comfortable with the relationship was Wayne. He was so confident, so in control.

If he felt everything was all right, then it was all right with her.

Judy claims her relationship with Wayne changed him. Where employees remember him as a man obsessed with business, Judy says he turned his mind off EM&S like a switch when they left the factory.



## **The Romance**

She tells of slipping away Wednesday afternoons for fishing on Duck Lake. Wayne loved to fish, says Judy. At first, she tried to get the hang of the sport, but soon gave up. So on Wednesdays, she'd take her bathing suit and, while Wayne fished, she sunbathed.

Other times, they'd take walks in the woods, hunt for mushrooms, ride their tandem bicycle around Garrett or shoot targets with Wayne's revolver.

And then, there were the weekends. Every Saturday for years, Wayne and Judy would drive to Patterson's Supper Club in Sturgis, Mich. Judy would wear a long dress and other customers would gather to watch she and Wayne dance.

Oh, Judy says, she and Wayne especially enjoyed waltzes and rumbas!

They'd hit Purdue football games in LaFayette, sail on Lake Gage, or dance over to Cold Springs' famous dance hall in Hamilton, Ind. Twice each year they'd visit Chicago to stay in either the Palmer House or the Drake Hotel. Wayne loved to go at Christmas time and cast his engineering eye toward all the new toys.

And, of course, all the while they'd talk and talk and talk.

Judy claims that her caring and listening calmed Wayne. Soon his rages at the gremlins of business subsided. Then they disappeared altogether.

## Chapter 9

### **Good Times and Bad**

If the hand on the helm changed with the shifting romantic winds, EM&S didn't notice. Wayne continued to throw himself completely into special projects, and new challenges always seemed to be beckoning.

In the first years of EM&S, employees worked like mad from late winter until early summer. But once the Sears fans had been shipped, the factory virtually shut down.

Wayne was determined to find a product to keep production lines busy during summer months. So, in the early 1950s, he designed a motor specifically suited to power a pump used in a heating system. The motor became a big seller and the slack season disappeared.

A few years later, a request for another special motor knocked at Wayne's door. The Ideal Dispenser Co. manufactured pop machines that sat low to the floor. Customers

## Good Times and Bad

would reach down into a thigh-high cooler to remove bottles hung on racks. The machines were popular with filling stations in the south, where red clay blew off dirt roads and collected in the pop machines' cooling motors. The motors began failing so fast that the company making replacements couldn't keep up. So Ideal called Wayne. Ideal sent motors that had failed to EM&S for his inspection. Dirt caked the motors to such an extent that, at first, Wayne couldn't tell that a motor lay inside.

The challenge: develop a motor that could run reliably under such harsh conditions.

Wayne's resulting design featured two fans, one on either end, and a motor totally enclosed in a case. The motors kept their cool while keeping the dirt out. Orders from Ideal poured in for replacement motors and, for a while, the pop machine company used Wayne's design in new machines. The motor became an EM&S staple in the late 1950s, and its production lasted well into the 1960s.

Then in 1958, Frigidaire contacted EM&S and asked for a fan motor to be used in the very first frost-free refrigerator. The manufacturer contracted EM&S to build a 25,000 limited run of the specially-equipped motors. But the orders kept arriving and EM&S made 125,000 in the first



## **Good Times and Bad**

year alone. The Garrett plant continued to churn out frost-free motors for years to come, at one point producing 1,200-1,500 a day.

Wayne thought he had hit on a plan to keep his mind and EM&S occupied with special projects indefinitely. Like the G.E. salesman of old, Wayne sent James Fuhrman to find companies that needed special applications of motors, then – according to the plan – Wayne could create designs to fit those needs.

Soliciting special projects never grew into a commercial success, but it did mark another step in Fuhrman's high-flying career at EM&S.

James, a graduate of Fort Wayne's South Side High School, had been fresh off a stint in the Navy when he joined EM&S in 1947. The dark-haired, handsome young man ran a punch press for his first job with the company, then took a year off work to attend Indiana University. In 1949, he received a bachelor of science degree in marketing and management.

Upon graduation, James returned to EM&S and he began to climb up the management ladder. He jumped from plant manager to salesman and eventually attained the title

## **Good Times and Bad**

“sales manager.” Wayne obviously valued Fuhrman’s ethic of hard work, for in 1970 he named James executive vice president – the number two position in the company, answerable only to Wayne himself.

But, if James knew how to work hard, he also knew how to play. One day in the late 1950s, James told Wayne he was leaving work early. Wayne asked, why?

To buy a fly rod, replied James.

“Just get two of everything,” said Wayne. “I’m going to learn to fly fish, too.”

Wayne obviously admired James’ style of fun, for he emulated it several times. James’ grandparents owned a cottage on Lake Tippecanoe, and it became a regular habit for Wayne and James to sneak off for a fishing break. On one such occasion, James told Wayne that a cottage close to his grandparents was for sale. Buy it, said Wayne, and I’ll work the details out later. So James did and Wayne and Olga used the cottage for years before turning it over for EM&S employees to use.

Then the tables turned. Wayne and Olga bought a cottage on Burt Lake in northern Michigan. Not long afterwards, James and his family found a cottage in the same general area. Today, Fuhrman, who retired in 1989, and his

## Good Times and Bad

wife, Charlene, spend their summers at the Burt Lake cottage and split their winters between Fort Wayne and Florida.

Wayne turned into a different fellow away from work, says James. The single-minded concentration on work disappeared and he became aware of his surroundings, interested in the variety the world offered. When told a good story, Wayne would rear back his head and laugh to the point of tears.

But the intensity still burned close to the surface. James chuckles when he remembers giving Wayne his first fly fishing lesson. Like everything else, says James, once Wayne had the basics, he eschewed further advice and went his own way.

There's a word for that.

Which brings another chuckle from James and this story:

Wayne owned a Chevrolet Nova that had seen better days. Yet, when the engine went out, he replaced it rather than sell the car. Less than a year later, the transmission blew, so Wayne replaced that. Instead of admitting that the car was beyond repair, Wayne insisted on badgering the service man for past sins and pointedly told him to perform bet-



## **Good Times and Bad**

ter in the future. Wayne's devotion to the cause of his car began to threaten his attention to business.

So one day, James says, he couldn't hold his tongue any longer. "I said: 'For God's sake, Wayne, you've got all the money in the world, why don't you sell that car?' He looked me right in the eye and said just one word:

"Stubborn."

Still, as he grew older, a softer side of Wayne emerged.

Caralyn remembers how hard her father put down his foot against dogs at home – the answer was simply, NO! But during Caralyn's college days in the late 1950s, she and Olga fell for an apricot poodle, the runt of a litter, and Caralyn snuck the animal into her bedroom's walk-in closet, out of sight of her father. Then she left for a few minutes to drive a friend home.

When she returned, Caralyn found Wayne down in the closet, with the puppy's head next to his heart. "Pompy," as the puppy came to be called, stayed.

Wayne made a habit of saying to the household in general, "Do you suppose anyone would like to go for a ride?" A quick check by the back door would find Pompy ready and waiting.

## Good Times and Bad



*This is how the EM&S plant looked in 1960. Note the pine tree, which today stands over 50 feet tall.*

As 1960 turned into 1961, a third addition – this time 10,000 square feet – was built onto the Garrett plant. The new space would hold punch press operations.

Then on Tuesday, May 2, 1961, the first notable setback in EM&S history hit. Wayne had been using a building at 104 N. Ijams St., in Garrett as an experimental laboratory. At 8 p.m. that evening, firefighters were called to the scene and found flames shooting through the roof.

Officials determined that the blaze began in infrared heating equipment that Wayne was using in his experiments. The fire spread to a gas-fed furnace, which exploded. Officials estimated that flames caused \$5,000 damage.

## **Good Times and Bad**

Despite the scare, most of the valuable equipment kept in the building escaped unscathed.

In 1965, more bad news from the company leaders' viewpoint arrived. Some employees had joined the International Union of Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers, AFL-CIO, Local 997, and they voted to strike. Wayne was hurt by the work stoppage. He felt he had treated the employees with respect and he expected loyalty in return. He undoubtedly also remembered the change in attitude that unionism brought to G.E.

He decided not to give in to the strikers' demands.

The non-union workers continued to arrive for their shifts at the plant, but striking union workers made their lives miserable. When crossing the picket line became intolerable, Wayne sent an old bus to pick up workers at their homes, then drove them past the angry strikers. To prevent problems at lunchtime, EM&S provided food so employees wouldn't have to leave the building.

Several times anger erupted into scary violence. To protect the old bus from vandals, EM&S parked it in Fort Wayne. But the vehicle wasn't hidden well enough and one night vandals set it on fire. A similar fate awaited an EM&S salesman's car. Chuck Owens had just parked his two-week



## **Good Times and Bad**

old convertible in a company lot and gone into the plant when he was called back outside. He found his car inside a red ball of flames.

But Wayne stubbornly stood his ground. To add another card in his poker hand against the union, he began transferring work to an EM&S plant located in Shallow Ford, Tenn.

Back in 1960, when it became abundantly clear that EM&S could grow well beyond the 100-worker force that fit Wayne's philosophy, EM&S opened a plant in Flag Pond, Tenn. That first southern venture began in an old school building, with Giles Morrill heading up the operation.

The area offered the type of work force EM&S sought, but the company encountered other unpleasant surprises. For one, the telephone company refused to service the new factory unless EM&S paid to lay 15 miles of new line to the site. So, in the beginning, the company called Giles' home by CB radio and an employee made any necessary phone calls from there.

Wayne later bought a sister Tennessee plant in Shallow Ford, intending to turn it into a subsidiary of Morrill Motors. About that time, the strike hit Garrett. Plans were quickly

## Good Times and Bad

rearranged and the Shallow Ford plant took over some EM&S operations.

After six tense months of the strike, the union workers in Garrett relented and returned to their jobs. To his credit and their amazement, Wayne didn't treat the workers who had participated in the strike any differently from the non-union workers. He once again welcomed them as part of the EM&S family.

The union allowed workers to decide each year whether or not they wished to be members in the organization. Each

year after the strike, more and more workers declined to re-enlist, and unionism at EM&S gradually came to an end.



*The family atmosphere at EM&S was fostered by dinners like this, held inside the factory during the 1969 Thanksgiving celebration.*

Perhaps more than anyone, Pauline Sanderson can explain why workers chose to stay with EM&S through good times and bad. "I've always liked what I did," says Pauline. "I thought the company treated me fairly."

## Good Times and Bad

Many EM&S workers have been women, notes Pauline, and the company understood their obligations at home. If a child was sick, no questions were asked – the employee was allowed to go home or to school.

The family atmosphere started inside the plant. Pauline chuckles at the costumes workers wore – and still wear – at Halloween; she especially remembers the odd sight of Ronald Reagan and Dolly Parton on the assembly line. On April Fool's Day, the late Lulu Hatin could be counted on for a trick or two; one year she dipped O's made of felt in chocolate and passed them off as donuts.



*Some of the most notable names in EM&S history donned aprons for this late 1960s Thanksgiving dinner. They are, from left: Chuck Owen, George Lahey, Bill White, James Fuhrman, Chet Ludwig, Wayne, and Don Smith.*



## **Good Times and Bad**

Pauline says she's come to think of EM&S as a second home.

And she'd like to continue working as long as she can. Pauline is taking special aim at 1998, when she'll mark 50 years of employment.

Despite the roller-coaster ride, when Electric Motors & Specialties, Co., marked its 20th anniversary in Garrett in 1966, it could measure success with two impressive gauges: the company's net worth topped \$3 million, and the payroll put in area pockets during those two decades totaled \$9 million.

# Chapter 10

## Testing Ties

From its inception, Electric Motors & Specialties retained close ties with the City of Garrett. But in 1968, those ties were tested.

The controversy actually began in October of 1967, when EM&S made a multi-pronged request. The company asked the city to construct a new street on the west edge of the EM&S plant, then close Keyser Street on the property's south side. With those changes, EM&S reasoned, property owners to the west could still have access to their land, but EM&S also could expand to the south.

The request came at the same time that a proposed medical facility, Garrett Community Hospital, was being planned – a program EM&S had pledged to support. Battle lines were drawn when rumors circulated that EM&S want-

## Testing Ties

ed its way with the road, or it would move its factory out of town and withdraw its support for the hospital.

Garrett Mayor John Simon, who took office Jan. 1, 1968, stood up to the company; the city council sided with EM&S.

By March 5, 1968, the problem had reached a boiling point. In a city council meeting attended by more than 50 people, Simon vetoed the council's decision to grant EM&S its request. The council then overturned Simon's veto by a 4-1 vote.

The mayor reiterated his opposition to closing a portion of Keyser Street. He noted that 100 Garrett residents signed a petition opposing the change, and that the city's own plan commission turned down the request by EM&S three separate times. He pointed out that the city had paid an Indianapolis consulting firm \$10,000 to learn that the town needed more thoroughways, not less. From a historical perspective, the street had been a part of the city for 60 years. And, Simon charged, EM&S broke the spirit of the law, if not the letter of the law, when it used its own name, then the name of the farmer from which it bought its land, on similar unsuccessful petitions seeking to vacate the street.

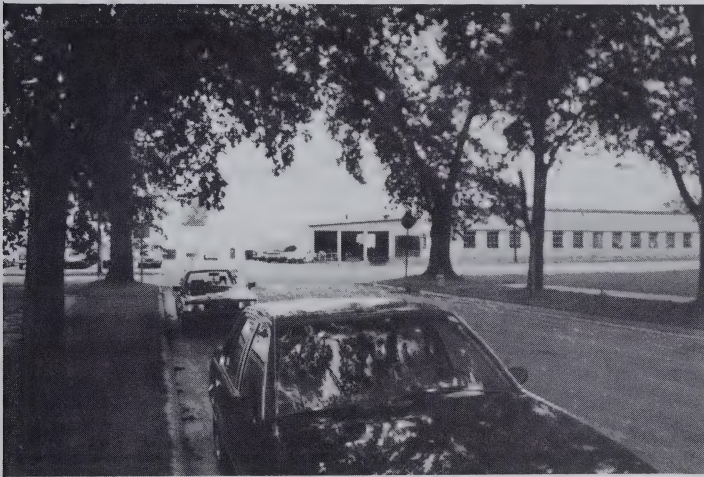


## Testing Ties

A city resident warned the council that kowtowing to industry wasn't always wise. He recalled that in 1920, B&O Railroad threatened to move its shops if the city didn't close a portion of Quincy Street. The city complied, and B&O moved anyway, the man said.

James Fuhrman defended EM&S. He said that the company would not move whatever the fate of its proposal,

nor would it renege on its promise to the hospital.



*Today, Keyser Street ends where the expanded EM&S building extends to the south.*

The matter was settled. But the council's decision in favor of EM&S didn't endear the company to its neighbors.

Just two months later, in the May 8, 1968, Garrett Council meeting, residents around EM&S presented a petition complaining about company noise caused by heavy machinery all hours of the day, and the clanging removal of steel drums from loading docks before 9 a.m.

## **Testing Ties**

On the up side of relationships that long year, EM&S signed a three-year pact with members of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, AFL-CIO, Local 997 just hours before the old agreement expired on Nov. 12, 1968.

# Chapter 11

## **Innocence Lost**

Kent State. Martin Luther King, Jr. Bobby Kennedy. The Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

Yes, 1968 marked a turning point.

Recent Garrett High School graduates joined thousands of young men from across the country in Vietnam – some never to return.

It was a time when anger and love, hatred and peace, fear and doing what felt good broke free of bonds. It was, in a phrase, an end of innocence.

Up until now, Wayne Morrill had tested the boundaries of mere mortals. He had followed success with success. Heck, he had followed setbacks with success. He had a wife, a family and a relationship with his pretty, young secretary. The sky had been his limit – literally. In 1963, at age 62, he earned his pilot's license.



## Innocence Lost

As with many of his pursuits, once Wayne turned his attention to flying, he focused entirely. For the good of EM&S, he decided that he, James Fuhrman, and his sons, Jerry and Giles, all needed pilot's licenses. Eventually, the company bought two planes.

During the lessons, the four men made the acquaintance of a young flight instructor named Don Smith. A 1954 Wabash College graduate, Don had served in the Air Force during the Korean War, from 1954-56. Once back in the states, he took a job as advertising manager with *The Garrett Clipper* and taught flying on the side.



*Don Smith today.*

Jerry suggested that Don might make a good salesman, and he joined EM&S in 1963. By 1972, Don had worked his way up to sales manager.

Don now lists his title as vice president of sales and director of marketing. A former Lions Club, Jaycees, Chamber of Commerce and Garrett-Keyser-Butler school board member, Don still serves on the DeKalb Board of Aviation Commissioners and as a director of the Garrett State Bank. He and his wife, Gretel, live in Garrett.

## **Innocence Lost**

Despite his high flying, Wayne – then 67 years old – noticed the shadow of mortality.

For years, he had planned to fix up the house his father built on Lorenzo's land. He wanted to preserve it, to recreate the way it looked when he was a child. And he wanted to save the even older cabin, the family seed, the place that protected potatoes in the coldest winter. He toyed with the idea of installing windmills on the farm to generate electricity, to show what a little creative engineering could accomplish.

But in 1968, a hernia that would bother him for years and ultimately contribute to his death laid Wayne low. He set his plans aside and, after his recovery, trips to Lorenzo's land became less frequent. That same year, the cabin that had sat on the land since Lorenzo first cleared it more than 100 years before was torn down.

Over the years, company secretaries kept a scrapbook of meaningful events in Wayne's life, in the lives of employees, and in the history of EM&S. But when the yellowed newspaper clippings reach 1968 and beyond, a noticeable change occurs.

More and more obituaries appear.

## **Innocence Lost**

EM&S settled into middle age. The desperate, delightful early days had been replaced with steady success and steady headaches. Like a family growing up, the unlimited potential of youth settled into an acceptance of barriers; expectant excitement evolved into worry about inevitable problems.

And fate didn't disappoint.

On March 28, 1975, an explosion rocked EM&S. Barry Hill, an employee, had been in the company's die casting room about 1 p.m. when he smelled propane gas. He made a quick exit just before the fumes blew up.

The force of the blast caused walls to bulge and lifted the ceiling up several inches. A flash fire followed, but the factory's sprinkler system kept flames manageable until the Garrett Fire Department arrived.

Damages totaled \$2,000-\$3,000.

But that first blast had been only a warning shot.

On Dec. 29, 1977, a Thursday, employees smelled propane in the parking lot south of the plant just before 9 p.m. A foreman went to check on the 1,000-gallon tanks stored there and noticed vapor coming out of the valves on three of the tanks. He quickly retraced his steps and had gotten to the corner of the building when the tanks exploded.



## Innocence Lost

Flames shot 75 feet in the air. One witness would later say the fire sounded like several freight trains rumbling through the parking lot. People in Auburn four miles to the east reported seeing the glow of the fire. Former Garrett Fire Chief Lyle Tarlton was heading home from Fort Wayne 20 miles to the south. He said he saw the explosion's fireball scale the dark winter sky.

Firefighters arrived at 9:05 p.m. They managed to extinguish fire from two of the tanks, but the third burned throughout the night. Firefighters redirected their efforts to



*Flames fly from a gas tank's ruptured valve during the Dec. 29, 1977, fire in an EM&S parking lot. Firefighters stayed on the scene 20 continuous hours.*

## **Innocence Lost**

preventing an even greater explosion by spraying water on the tanks to keep them cool.

Officials asked residents within two blocks of EM&S to leave the area. Altogether, about 200 residents evacuated their homes. The Garrett United Methodist Church opened its doors as an emergency headquarters and served as a place of refuge for about 35 people. By early Friday morning, the danger of explosion had passed and officials allowed residents to return home.

But the third tank continued to burn. Garrett firefighters sought expert advice on what to do. One expert suggested burying the tank in sand to deny the fire oxygen. Plans were made to carry out the suggestion when another expert warned that sand could actually heighten the chance for a dangerous explosion.

The firefighters then called Joe Burgi of Kendallville. He arrived on the scene and suggested using a crane to move the tanks that were not burning onto a truck, then drive them away from danger.

Late Friday afternoon, Burgi's plan was put into action. Butler & Butler Construction Co. of Auburn lent a crane and operator to carefully pick up the tanks and place them on a low-boy trailer pulled by a semi tractor. The truck then drove

## **Innocence Lost**

with police escorts to a field on the Melvin Smith farm, south of town, where the tanks could be safely stored.

Then Burgi opened the valve on the burning tank even wider. Flames increased and firefighters continued to spray cooling water on it. By 5 p.m., the last of the fuel was expended and the flame went out.

Firefighters finally stumbled home about 5:30 p.m. Friday, after being on the scene continuously for more than 20 hours.

Experts later ruled that gas had expanded and contracted in the tanks due to repeated freezing and thawing. This caused steel piping to crack and gas was allowed to escape from a valve. A pilot light on a vaporizing unit then ignited the gas.

EM&S received two citations for the installation of their tanks: the tanks should have been placed on concrete footers rather than cement blocks, and the piping that cracked should have included a flexible joint to allow for settling.

Five months later, Wayne presented a check for \$1,000 to the Garrett Fire Department's equipment fund and pledged that employee David Freeburn, a member of the all-volunteer force, would be able to leave work at any time to fight fires.



## Chapter 12

### **Saying Goodbye**

Wayne and Judy's relationship changed forever on Jan. 8, 1981. That's the day Olga Morrill died.

Despite what problems they may have had in their marriage, Olga had been a big influence in Wayne's life. Whenever Wayne was interviewed for newspaper articles, he mentioned his wife as a part of the team.

A Franklin (Ind.) College graduate at a time when most women didn't pursue academic degrees, Olga put her lessons to work. She first did bookkeeping and other administrative duties when Jerry and Giles began their home business, doing even complicated calculations in her head. Later, she served as president of Morrill Motors and showed an innate talent for picking the right person for a particular job.

At home, she was firm but kind in passing onto her children strict attention to manners. With Wayne gone much

## Saying Goodbye

of the time, she became the one in control. Even Wayne found it hard to say no to Olga.

In addition to a strong will, Olga had a soft heart. In 1933, when death visited the father of Wayne's cousin – June (Jones) Hendrix, now 75 and living in the house Frank Morrill built – Olga offered her a home. And, five years later, she opened her heart again during the adoption of little Caralyn.



*June (Jones) Hendrix, 75, stands at the bottom of a hill near the house built by Frank Morrill. Seventy years ago, Wayne would carry June up the hill on his shoulders. The fountain seen to June's right provides water today just as it did back then.*

She shared her husband's love of dancing. Once or twice a year, Wayne and Olga would invite a dance instructor from New York City to their Washington Road home. They'd invite over several couples for a night of intense training. Young Caralyn would serve as the instructor's partner.

EM&S employees best remember Olga Morrill's bearing. She was a large woman who carried herself with pride.

## **Saying Goodbye**

She paid strict attention to her appearance: her hair was always in place, she was forever impeccably dressed. Some workers interpreted Olga as aloof, others described her as an Old World woman who highly prized etiquette. Perhaps James Fuhrman's daughters, Kay and Becky, described it best when they said to their parents after a visit with Olga:

"She was just like a queen."

When Olga died at age 78, Wayne was seven weeks shy of his 80th birthday. Judy hadn't yet hit 50.

On Nov. 20, 1981, Wayne and Judy married in Fort Wayne. Judy cried throughout the ceremony.

Was it the long wait? The fruition of postponed dreams?

No, Judy says today. She'd loved the way her life had been. And now, with marriage, she wondered: Would things change? Was she doing the right thing?

Just two years later on one bitterly cold, winter day, Wayne insisted that he and Judy visit their cottage on Lake Gage, about 25 miles north of Garrett. The well had been acting up and Wayne thought it needed attention.



## Saying Goodbye

It worried Judy when Wayne insisted on climbing down into the manhole, but it didn't surprise her. Up until this point, Wayne physically did everything he'd done as a young man – tennis, bowling, hiking, dancing.



*Wayne enjoyed an active life well into his 80's. Here he takes a spin in a motor boat on Lake Gage.*

But this day was different. When he came into the cottage, Wayne said he couldn't feel his left leg. Then strength left the limb. Judy put him to bed and covered him with an electric blanket. But the next morning, Wayne felt no better.

Judy drove him directly to Lutheran Hospital in Fort Wayne. The following day, doctors amputated the leg.

If Wayne minded the physical loss, he didn't show it. Judy said she never heard him complain. And he tried to do almost everything he'd done before.

To let Wayne continue driving, a car was specially equipped with hand brakes. But Wayne insisted on working the brake and accelerator with his good leg. More than one

## Saying Goodbye

person confessed a nervous sweat when Wayne became reacquainted with the driver's seat.

Yet gradually he gave up some of his independence. Villamor Menor, Wayne's son-in-law, began driving Wayne and Judy to work.

Villamor came into the Morrill family through Caralyn. While in high school, Caralyn grew enchanted with an Indiana University lifeguard who played the ukulele and talked about his native Hawaii. He invited the high school students to visit him there, and Caralyn and several friends complied. She decided to stay.

She attended the University of Hawaii in the mid 1960s, and during that time she and Villamor met and fell in love. The couple moved to Indiana in 1967 and Villa has worked at a variety of jobs at EM&S – machine shop, drafting, in the plant, testing sample motors – ever since.

After the amputation, life for Judy and Wayne, though altered, resumed.

Peppy, the couple's aging black poodle, still took her place in Wayne's lap on the drive to work, even though he had shifted seats. Once at work, Peppy had the run of the

## Saying Goodbye

office. During business meetings, she made a circle around the table, greeting each executive in turn.

But the clock runs only in one direction. Peppy fell ill. Wayne wanted to send her to Purdue, where he felt she might find help from cutting-edge technology. But Judy saw a threat in the technology, and feared Peppy would become an experiment. Judy prevailed and the pet that had become entwined in Judy and Wayne's life was given a dignified end at age 13.

Judy didn't want another pet, another chance of heart-break. But this time, Wayne insisted and Frisky became a part of the house and office. The second black poodle filled the void left by Peppy to the point that, today, in looking at photographs, Judy can't tell which dog is which.

Wayne may have cut back on his driving after the amputation, but he never left the driver's seat at EM&S. His body had been hobbled, but his mind operated as efficiently as ever. Dick Sanderson remembers how he and Wayne's offices sat side by side. The boss would roll over in his wheelchair daily to discuss a matter of business.

Villamor Menor holds the keys to a room in the same wing as Wayne's old office. Inside, an organized confusion of



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mechanical wonders await. One wall is covered with pigeon holes, each containing a specimen in the evolution of small horsepower electric motors.

Many of the cubicles are identified with dates that run through 1987. They resemble the organized workings of a mechanical mind.

"He was the engineer," said Villa, nodding toward the motors. "He was the man."

In a July 16, 1987, memo to Frank Iddings, Wayne made his position in the company very clear:

*Your report of July 17th is very helpful. I have only one suggestion to make, that is that you take every opportunity to keep me informed of all transfers of motor components from you to someone else so that I can remain the center of the hub and know that I will always have veto power as samples are produced.*

Despite the signals his body had been sending, Wayne simply never gave up. More than a decade earlier, he had promised the younger, longtime, loyal executives that he would retire at age 75 and hand the EM&S reins to them. But, as the years passed, it became obvious that Wayne couldn't let go.

## Saying Goodbye

He used to tell the executives almost monthly that he had a wonderful opportunity to sell the company. But the story always ended with Wayne relaying what he said to the prospective buyer: "I just told them no. What would I do for fun?"

On Jan. 27, 1988, Wayne exhibited amazing spirit for a one-legged, soon-to-be 87-year-old man when he wrote to James Fuhrman:

*I want to assure you that we are way ahead of all bumbling competition and we are going to stay there because we will not quit running ....*

*I have been studying wind generation for electric power, and I think we might use a number of wind generators, of 10 kw each, ourselves. The leading company is doing the job in a very awkward way ....*

*Why not let's fly out and talk to them. Right now their collections are slow, but with a little less theory, and better engineering help in application, I believe a lot of wind driven generators could be sold. They can be made to run with no attention, and no service. With all the hullibloo (sic) every time someone wants to start a newer nuclear power plant, we would be welcomed with open arms.*

And he ended the memo on this note:

*Who wants to retire anyway?*

## Saying Goodbye



*Wayne, Judy and Frisky pose for the camera on Thanksgiving Day, 1988.*

One January day in 1989, Judy and Wayne were getting ready for work when Wayne lost the feeling in his right leg. Villa drove them straight to Parkview Memorial Hospital in Fort Wayne.

The doctor approached Judy and said: "We'll have to go in for surgery right away." This time, the right leg would have to go.

Judy got to see Wayne in the hallway on his way to the operating room. The man who had always been so sure of where he was headed, so confident that he carried others with him, now assured his frightened wife: "I'm going to be all right."

But after the surgery, medical attachments prevented Wayne from speaking. He had the use of his hands, but for some reason, Wayne refused to write. "Knowing his genius, and how he wanted to get things down on paper, I think how horrible it must have been for him," says his daughter, Caralyn. "He must have had so much bottled up inside."



## **Saying Goodbye**

For six months, Wayne remained that way – awake, but incommunicative. Then he slipped into unconsciousness, and even one-way communication ceased.

On June 12, 1989, Judy bent over Wayne and kissed him. She felt sure he understood. The machines were turned off and Wayne Morrill – the boy of Lorenzo's land, the student inventor, the comet-like GE engineer, the father figure corporate head, dancer, high flier and stubborn old man – breathed his last and died.

# Epilogue

## **Into the future**

Flashes of light cut through a darkened room. Bob Nutter and Scott Wolf hunch over a bench on which sits a motor that looks like an emergency room patient. Long probes stick like needles into the motor. Colored wires lead from the probes to electronic equipment lined up on a shelf above the bench. The equipment hums monotonously like a tuning fork.

Welcome to Wayne's world.

"His love was research," says Maynard Griffin, 61, as he watches his research partners and looks back on his long association with Wayne.

Griffin, Nutter and Wolf work on the EM&S motors of tomorrow. They can be found in a new research building that sits catty-corner across the pond from the main EM&S complex.

## Into the Future

The flashing stops and room lights return. Nutter, EM&S vice president of engineering, smiles kindly as he explains the current research project.

"We're looking at a new motor that uses electronics as part of its function," Nutter says. Whereas conventional fractional horsepower electric motors are 30 percent efficient in turning energy into power, the electronic-based motors will be 70-75 percent efficient, says Nutter.

He expects them to be introduced early in 1996.

The relative high price will limit the new motors' appeal for a while, but electronic prices fall quickly. In 4-5 years, Nutter says, the new motors will be widely used and should make a dramatic impact on the small-motor world.

Wolf smiles as Nutter talks. He'll be part of that future. EM&S is paying for Wolf's education at Indiana University/Purdue University at Fort Wayne. Upon gradua-



*Maynard Griffin, left, and Bob Nutter keep Wayne's legacy of continual research at EM&S alive.*



## Into the Future

tion, he'll be a full-fledged electronic engineering technician and ready to conduct the company's research for years to come.

Griffin chuckles as he looks back at his own career at EM&S. "I started at age 19 on the production line," he says. "Then Wayne took me under his wing."

Griffin received some formal small motor training while he served in the Signal Corps. "But," he says, "what I learned after that was all Wayne."

Griffin says his boss talked to him about more than just motors – he talked about life. Griffin becomes somber as he recalls when he his daughter, just 24 at the time, died of an illness. Wayne offered support, and Griffin never forgot his help.

Years later, Wayne – who had lost his first leg – called Griffin about 10 p.m. A towel had become stuck in an elevator in the Washington Road home. Could Griffin come and help? It was a good 25-mile drive, but Griffin shrugs as if the size of the request was meaningless.

"If I wouldn't have thought so much of him, I wouldn't have done it," he says.

## **Into the Future**

EM&S has played a big role in Griffin's Garrett family. His father, two brothers, and assorted aunts and uncles have all worked here.

"I've had lots of job offers, with lots more money," says Griffin. "I turned them all down."

He notes that in mid September of 1995 he'll pass another anniversary of his employment at EM&S:

Forty two years.

During a tour of the research building, Griffin pauses in front of a large, grocery-store-style freezer. Inside, fan blades powered by EM&S motors turn to test how the motors react to temperatures that can be turned down to 40 below.

But Griffin brushes past them to a rack of test tubes sitting on a corner shelf. The tubes hold an assortment of oils. When Griffin takes the rack out and tips each tube, the oils react differently. Some run like water, others flow like honey. Wayne began the experiment years ago, another small step in his quest toward perfection. Griffin smiles at the way Wayne's mind worked. "It's just the little things, like this, that most people wouldn't think of," he says.

Griffin replaces the rack even though there's no reason the test can't be thrown out. Time was never a factor in the experiment; it's long since proven its point.

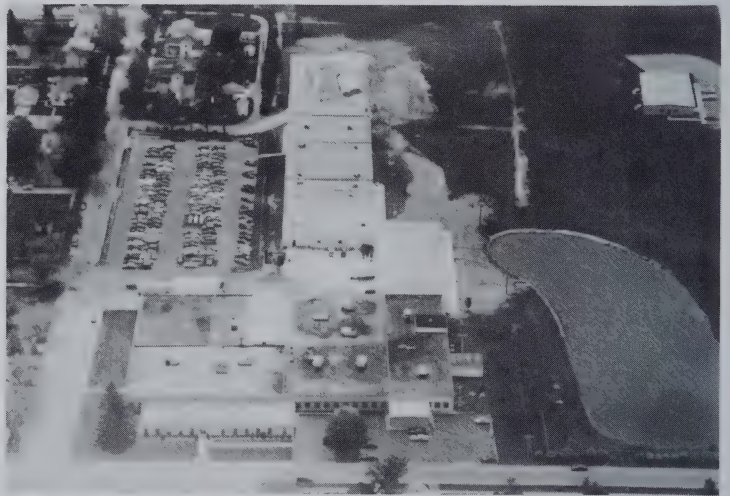
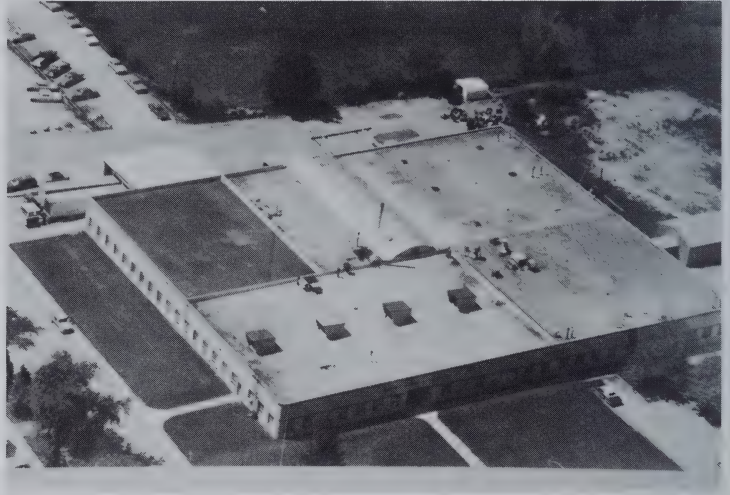
## Into the Future

But the rack remains in place, a small memento of Wayne. "I just like keeping it around," says Griffin.

Since Wayne's illness and death, Judy has made her mark on EM&S.

As principal owner and president, she consolidated all operations in Garrett and – following Eban Moon's advice to Wayne – bought out what remained of the public stockholders.

She's added onto the plant at King & Hamsher



*The dozen additions to the EM&S plant can best be seen from the air. The top photo was taken in the early 1960s, the bottom photo in the mid 1980s. Notice the original Quonset hut, which is clearly visible in the top photo and can be seen in the center-left of the horizontal set of buildings in the bottom photo.*



## Into the Future

streets another six times. Wayne's additions left gaps between buildings; Judy filled these spaces with construction to give the plant a more unified feel. In one such area,

she built a cafeteria for employees.

In fact, many of Judy's fingerprints on the company touch the workers – from instituting a 401-K retirement plan to paving parking lots; from



*One of Judy's projects modernized the entrance to EM&S. (Notice the size of the pine tree in the background – the same tree shown in the picture on page 103.)*

installing air conditioning to renovating restrooms.

Where more warehouse space was needed, Judy constructed a building with windows that overlooked the plant's overflow pond. That way, she says, the company Christmas party owns an esthetically pleasing, permanent home.

But she also looks to the future of the business. To help EM&S keep its edge on competition, Judy installed a company-wide computer system.



## **Into the Future**

Judy's efforts have been noticed. On March 18, 1991, the Garrett Chamber of Commerce named Electric Motors & Specialties the chamber's Industry of the Year.

Which brings us to the present. Today at 64, Judy Morrill is still very much in charge of EM&S. But she's thinking about the day she isn't. She hasn't set a retirement date, but she will.

So she's making plans.

She's selling relics of her and Wayne's recreational life – the cottage in northern Michigan, a condo in Florida. She's even waded through suffocating piles of paper in Wayne's old office. "I hated that mess," she says, grimacing.

When the inventory is through, Judy will have before her three keys to valuable treasure: there's her own personal wealth, there's EM&S, which continues to produce a profit and provide a living for 230 employees, and there's the memory of her late husband.

These keys need keepers.

You see, Judy has no children, no next generation to receive the keys. So she's doing what she can now to ensure that the company – and she and her husband – live on.

## **Into the Future**

Already one bud of Judy's work on her legacy has appeared. On April 14, 1995, she promised \$250,000 of her own money to the Garrett Carnegie Public Library, to be made in five annual donations.

In the past, Judy has contributed to the Garrett Historical Society, the Garrett Chamber of Commerce, and area service clubs.

Still, Judy is searching for other ways to permanently help her hometown. She toyed with the idea of building an overpass along Randolph Street and over the railroad tracks. That would ease the chronic traffic problems frequent trains pose. But such a ramp would stretch all the way to her beloved library, imposing a modern decor and removing some of the charm from the small railroad town she wants to preserve. So she's thinking instead of establishing a foundation, from which a variety of projects can be funded virtually forever.

What about the Golden Egg, Electric Motors & Specialties? That's easy. It will be left to a few longtime, loyal employees, Judy says.

And, finally, there's the memories.

That's where this book comes in. It's purpose is to preserve the story of Wayne and Judy and Electric Motors &

## Into the Future

Specialities – the joys, the pains, the stumbles and the triumphs. In looking toward the future, Judy Morrill wants to make sure that the past is not forgotten.

Talk of her own past makes Judy smile.

When she drives through her old neighborhood on Walsh Street, Judy remembers story after story. She points to her grandparents' home, the bungalow where her parents spent their early married life and, finally, the Walsh Street house where she grew up, and which she shared so long with her mother.

She can't help but turn the car along Warfield Street, toward the woods she used to roam when she was child. Oh, how she and her friends used to run and hide and play!

"Sometimes you wish you were young again," she says.

But the woods mostly are gone now. And Warfield is the street that she walked along when two neighbors told her that her father had died. Judy said she is sure one reason she never wanted children is so that they wouldn't have to go through what she experienced that day.

Yes, she's fantasized about a different life. In her dreams, she and Wayne are the same age, married young, have a family and home, and grow old together.



## Into the Future

Judy didn't exactly choose to set her life in the shadows.

The thought of her secret indiscretions causes her to smile, cover her mouth and say: "If I had a daughter who did those things ... !"

But what wonderful things they were! Wednesday fishing and weekend trips, dancing at Patterson's every Saturday and in Chicago's Drake Hotel for Christmas!

A life of waltzes and rumbas.

"People used to watch us dance," says Judy. "They'd stand back and watch us dance!"

As she turns the car into an EM&S lot, Judy clicks open an automatic garage door, and pulls into her own private, indoor parking space. A fading 7-Up sign leaning against the back wall announces, "Clark's Market." The Garrett girl points to the sign, shakes her head and smiles.

The path between being the grocer's daughter and her present position has been long, and not one many may have chosen. But it suited Judy Clark Morrill just fine.

"I *loved* it," she says with emphasis, referring to the life she's led.

## Into the Future



*When Judy looks at this photo of Wayne, taken during his G.E. days, she invariably remarks: "Isn't he handsome?"*

Why?

Judy seems surprised by the question and replies as if the answer should be obvious:

"It was Wayne."







# Appendix I

## Remembering Wayne

Not long ago, Judy Morrill asked EM&S employees to write down their memories and impressions of Wayne. This is what they said:

*Wayne Morrill taught me a lot over the years that I have been associated with him. I'm grateful for what he taught me from both engineering and manufacturing perspectives.*

*Wayne always had a habit of throwing in little tidbits about life during our many discussions of business. One of these shortly after I had joined EM&S was "to never take anything for granted." I guess this was really part of Wayne's philosophy, because on any project that we worked on together, he expected a concise but thorough investigation of all the facts.*

## Remembering Wayne

*I've followed much of his good advice, both in my work and personal life.*

– Richard S. Daniel, vice president of purchasing

*I knew Mr. Morrill from the time I came to work in 1963 as a fresh-faced and eager young woman, until his death in 1989.*

*To me he was always "Mr. Morrill." Although others called him by his first name, out of respect and admiration, I could never do it.*

*Extremely intelligent but never aloof, he always had time for everyone, whether they had a problem or just wanted to chat. He plunged headlong into all the problems of running a business and I can still see him walking with his head down, always thinking and looking preoccupied, but still available to talk to his "people."*

*We all at one time or another caught him taking catnaps; a few minutes here and there kept him going.*

*He will always be remembered and missed.*

– Mary Mitchener

## Remembering Wayne

*Being with the company thirty plus years and having had the opportunity to work with the late Mr. Wayne J. Morrill for many of those years was an inspiration to me.*

*Mr. Morrill personally hired me to work at the Fairfield (Avenue) building, winding machines which he designed for his motors. He would often stop by on his way to Garrett just to say "hi." He always had a genuine concern for his people.*

*I remember one time my ex-wife was involved in a car wreck where there were two fatalities. He called me at home with concern and again at work. At that time he allowed my family to use the cottage at Tippy (Lake Tippecanoe) without the usual waiting period.*

*Several years went by and Mr. Morrill allowed me to transfer to Garrett to supervise the shop at Morrill Engineering.*

*Again, his personal interest was evident as he visited daily to check the progress on his many new designs. Working directly with Mr. Morrill developing and evolving into some of the motors that we still make today was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, as he was a genius in motor design. He always remembered that the people helped make the com-*



## Remembering Wayne

pany what it was. In many ways, a family-life atmosphere was evident.

Years ago I was in the hospital and he checked on me daily. I returned to work and, even though he was having severe health problems, he took time to talk at length with me out of genuine concern.

I'm very fortunate that I knew, worked for, and had a friend like the late Mr. Wayne J. Morrill.

– Mike McMeen

We at Electric Motors saw Wayne Morrill as a father figure and a gifted teacher to those within his charge.

His office door was open to us all, regardless of position or status, and he willingly addressed our business and personal problems.

Was it luck that his successes were many? Mr. Morrill said, "Good luck is no accident. One has to diligently prepare the pathway before good fortune will come his way."

Referring to business, he said, "Success in getting things done lies less in theory 'words' and more with applying good engineering. We will remain ahead of our competitors because we will not quit running."

## Remembering Wayne

*We who knew him remember – Wayne Morrill adhered to the belief “man is his Brother’s Keeper.”*

*At each opportunity his courtesy and consideration prevailed.*

– Don Smith, vice president sales

*I think one of the first things I remember about Mr. Morrill was that he was working on a large press. At one time we made a 24-inch window fan for Sears. We had a large punch press with a pit about four feet deep under it. Every once in a while, it would break down just like any other press. If no one else could get it fixed, Mr. Morrill would come out in a white shirt and tie, put cardboard under the press, crawl under it and work on it. He always got it fixed. But once in a while, it would take a long time so, if he got tired, he would turn out the light and take a little nap under the press before finishing working on it.*

– Pauline Sanderson

## **Remembering Wayne**

*Mr. Morrill was always available whenever you had a problem, and it was not resolved through your supervisor or other personnel. Mr. Morrill had confidence in the employee's opinion.*

*– Janet Zeider*

*I first became acquainted with Wayne in 1982, after I joined the engineering facility at 115 N. Ijams St.*

*This facility had numerous engineering functions and housed the machine shop, also. Upon starting, I was working with Gordon Julius, who was Mr. Morrill's leading engineer. Gordon passed away in 1983 and Wayne depended upon me to a great extent to carry on all the engineering functions.*

*One of my fondest memories occurred on a Saturday morning, while Wayne and I were working on development of the present day S2C motor. We were busily engaged in technical work, which would bore the uninterested, when – for some unknown reason – the test equipment malfunctioned and Wayne exclaimed, "Damned inconsiderate of the power company" to cause this to happen. And then we both enjoyed a good laugh.*

## Remembering Wayne

*I'm still so very grateful for having been afforded the privilege and pleasure of having been associated with this genius of a man who will long be remembered as the "Father of the Capacitor Motor." His papers have been published in many textbooks and are still being utilized today in many leading universities.*

*Wayne Morrill's pleasing personality and ability to solve very complex problems will always remain among my most treasured memories. Without his guidance and perseverance, I for one would not be endowed with my understanding of the revolving field theory of the shaded pole motors.*

*– Frank Iddings*

*I met Wayne Morrill in 1953 when I was hired to work for Electric Motors & Specialties. He shared my love of fishing. I enjoyed the men's outings he used to host where we were able to try our luck at fishing together while getting better acquainted.*

*In 1970 I started working directly for Wayne in the model shop, or lab, and continued there until his passing. Wayne would tell you what needed to be done and then he*



## **Remembering Wayne**

would listen to how you thought it should be done. If not the way he had in mind, he would explain why his way was better, but he always listened to your ideas first. At times, it was almost like he was teaching a class, explaining how and why we build motors the way we do at Electric Motors & Specialities.

One of the things I learned from Wayne was to be very thorough and patient for months at a time in testing new motors. Many different parts and oils were used in the tests we ran to see how the oil moved through the motors, and in timing the oil drips. In one case, it took over eight months of this kind of testing before the motor was declared ready for marketing. I'm sure his thoroughness was one of the reasons Wayne's motors were held in such high regard.

In my opinion, no one was better than Wayne Morrill in the business of designing and building electric motors. That's why I feel privileged to have been able to work for him and learn from him.

– Maynard W. Griffin

## Remembering Wayne

*“Do something worthwhile, work hard, and be of service to others.” What better description could one relate to, concerning the founder and former president of Electric Motors & Specialties, and also of Morrill Motors?*

*Mr. Morrill did not discriminate in employment practices, so common in today’s so-called “enlightened society” in America. He helped and contributed to the Morrill foundation, the public library, and other worthy organizations, as well as laying the foundation for Electric Motors & Specialties’ expansion and growth.*

*This has provided area employment for many people in Garrett who otherwise would have to seek employment elsewhere.*

*Mr. Morrill was a realist, faced life as it came, even when the odds were seemingly overwhelming. A memorial to Mr. Morrill can be observed south of the pond, constructed by Electric Motors & Specialties employees in 1989.*

*His last words with me were: “Please take care of the trees.”*

*– Fred Keppel*

## Remembering Wayne

*I knew Wayne as many people did not. I knew what a competitor he was in everything he did. He loved his sports, Green Bay Packers and Fort Wayne Pistons. He would tell me a play at a Purdue game and analyze it afterward. He would put his whole body into watching sports on TV. He had a rocker which could creak with his every move.*

*He was a perfectionist with his sports. He had to be the best. He would go out and hit tennis balls for a couple of hours in the morning. He would practice at the bowling alley for hours.*

*He taught me that you should make every motor as if it were your last. He believed work was the most important thing in life and you should always do your best. He did not like wasting time.*

*I remember when he lost his first leg. He wanted to do everything. The first time I rode with him he kept putting his good leg on the brakes – oh was I scared! But he made it and eventually got better. Only his speed never got above 30 mph. I was proud that he did drive and was independent. He was the greatest individual man I've ever known.*

– Villamor Menor

## Appendix II

### Final Word

*by Judy Morrill*

Although I read this book about my husband, Wayne J. Morrill, and it is written well and care was taken to explain some of his accomplishments, it still leaves many, many things unsaid. But it is a way of letting you know how Electric Motors & Specialties was started from Wayne's knowledge. He was one of the finest electrical engineers. He acquired his degree from Purdue University and remained in contact and sup-



*Judy Morrill*



## **Final Word**

ported his alma mater all his life.

Sharing 35 years with a man of his great intelligence and gentleness was truly a gift and one which has helped me through the years in the development of the company to my way of thinking. There are not enough words or paragraphs for me to put into words how great a man was Wayne J. Morrill. I am proud and happy we spent the years we had together, for there was no better man for me.

Knowing Wayne was going to die, I began planning on ways to improve our plant. So I proceeded to bring our plant at Shallow Ford, Tenn., to Garrett, then we built our engineering building, two other main buildings and – lastly – put on a new Hamsher Street entrance.

This was all done in an effort to keep on producing our products and bring employment into our area. And, through all our efforts, I think we are attaining our goal.

– Judy Morrill





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